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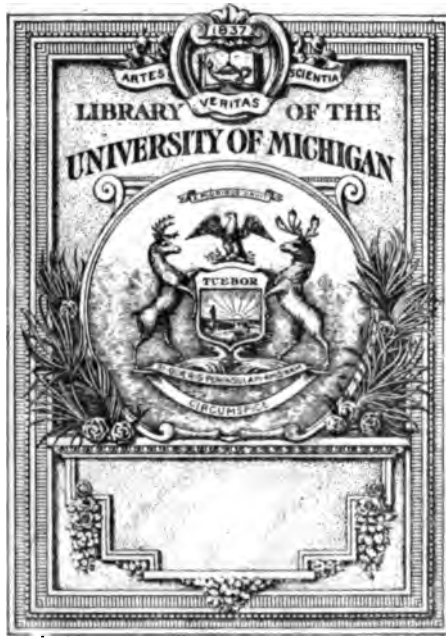
CHARACTER AND COMMENTS

FROM THE NOVELS OF W. D. HOWELLS

SELECTED BY

A 922,825

MINNIE MACOUN



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CHARACTER AND COMMENT

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W. D. HOWELLS

BY

MINNIE MACOUN

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
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1889

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CHARACTER AND COMMENT

SELECTED FROM THE NOVELS OF

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

THE LADY OF THE AROOSTOOK.

I AIN'T one to think that eatin' up everything on your plate keeps it from wastin', and I never was. MR. LATHAM.

As you can't have happiness in this world, I say you 'd better have satisfaction. MR. LATHAM.

She pushed the loosened soil into place with the side of her ample slipper, and then went into the house, where she kindled a fire in the kitchen stove, and made herself a cup of Japan tea: a variety of the herb which our country people prefer, apparently because it affords the same stimulus with none of the pleasure given by the Chinese leaf.

The sympathies as well as the sensibilities often seem dulled by age. They have both perhaps been wrought upon too much in the course

of the years, and can no longer respond to the appeal or distress which they can only dimly realize; even the heart grows old.

The home-sickness began to mount from Lydia's heart in a choking lump to her throat; for one must be very happy to endure the sights and sounds of the summer evening anywhere.

One of the advantages of the negative part assigned to women in life is that they are seldom forced to commit themselves. They can, if they choose, remain perfectly passive while a great many things take place in regard to them; they need not account for what they do not do. From time to time a man must show his hand, but save for one supreme exigency a woman need never show hers. She moves in mystery as long as she likes; and mere reticence in her, if she is young and fair, interprets itself as good sense and good taste.

Where the Puritanism has gone out of the people in spots, there 's the rankest growth of all sorts of crazy heresies, and the old scriptural nomenclature has given place to something compounded of the fancifulness of story-paper romance and the gibberish of spiritualism. They make up their names, sometimes, and call a child by what sounds pretty to them. MR. STANIFORD.

Yes, money enough for one. But there 's

something ignoble in living on a small stated income, unless you have some object in view besides living and I have n't, you know. It 's a duty I owe to the general frame of things to make more money. MR. STANIFORD.

" Yes, Staniford, that 's it. I hate your going out there all alone. Now, if you were taking some nice girl with you! " Dunham said, with a lover's fond desire that his friend should be in love, too.

After all, it does grind me to have lost that money! If I had only been swindled out of it, I should n't have cared; but when you go and make a bad thing of it yourself, with your eyes open, there 's a reluctance to place the responsibility where it belongs that does n't occur in the other case. MR. STANIFORD.

Processions of young men so long that they are an hour getting by a given point. That 's what 's passing in every girl's mind — when she 's thinking. It 's perfectly right. Processions of young girls are similarly passing in our stately and spacious intellects. It 's the chief business of the youth of one sex to think of the youth of the other sex. MR. STANIFORD.

Some people are born with a genius for one thing, and some with a genius for another.

MR. STANIFORD.

He approached her with that kindness for all other women in his heart which the lover feels in absence from his beloved.

Social genius and sensibility are two very different things; the cynic might contend they were incompatible, but I won't insist so far.

MR. STANIFORD.

There 's a decay of the religious sentiment, and the church is no longer a social centre, with merry meetings among the tombstones between the morning and the afternoon service. Superficial humanitarianism of one kind or another has killed the good old orthodoxy, as the railroads have killed the turnpikes and the country taverns; and the common schools have killed the academies. Why, I don't suppose this girl ever saw anything livelier than a township cattle-show, or a Sunday-school picnic, in her life. They don't pay visits in the country except at rare intervals, and their evening parties, when they have any, are something to strike you dead with pity. They used to clear away the corn-husks and pumpkins on the barn floor, and dance by the light of tin lanterns. At least, that 's the traditional thing. The actual thing is sitting around four sides of the room, giggling, whispering, looking at photograph albums, and coaxing somebody to play on the piano. The banquet is passed in the form of apples and water. I have assisted at *some* rural festivals where the apples were omitted. Upon the whole, I wonder our

country people don't all go mad. They do go mad, a great many of them, and manage to get a little glimpse of society in the insane asylums.

MR. STANIFORD.

Women had always been dear and sacred to him; he liked, beyond most young men, to be with them; he was forever calling upon them, getting introduced to them, waiting upon them, inventing little services for them, corresponding with them, and wearing himself out in their interest. It is said that women do not value men of this sort so much as men of some other sorts.

What consummate tacticians the least of women are! It 's a pity that they have to work so often in such dull material as men; they ought always to have women to operate on. The youngest of them has more wisdom in human nature than the sages of our sex. MR. STANIFORD.

I thought this voyage was going to be a season of mental quiet, but having a young lady on board seems to forbid that kind of repose. I should n't mind a half dozen, but *one* is altogether too many. MR. STANIFORD.

We all read in such a literary way, now; we don't read simply for the joy or profit of it; we expect to talk about it, and say how it is this and that; and I 've no doubt that we 're sub-consciously harassed, all the time, with an automatic process of criticism. MR. STANIFORD.

He was one of those men who cannot rest in regard to people they meet till they have made some effort to formulate them. He liked to ticket them off; but when he could not classify them, he remained content with his mere study of them. His habit was one that does not promote sympathy with one's fellow-creatures. He confessed even that it disposed him to wish for their less acquaintance when once he had got them generalized; they became then collected specimens. Yet, for the time being, his curiosity in them gave him a specious air of sociability. He lamented the insincerity which this involved, but he could not help it. The next novelty in character was as irresistible as the last; he sat down before it till it yielded its meaning; or suggested to him some analogy by which he could interpret it.

I think it 's going to be as distinguished by and by not to like books as it is not to write them.

MR. STANIFORD.

Well, I don't object to a woman's thinking strongly on religious subjects; it 's the only safe ground for her strong thinking, and even there she had better feel strongly. MR. STANIFORD.

They were Americans, and they knew how to worship a woman.

A woman must always dislike some one in company; it 's usually another woman; as there 's

none on board, I accept her enmity with meekness. MR. STANIFORD.

A young man must find pleasure in sitting alone near a pretty young girl, and talking with her about herself and himself, no matter how plain and dull her speech is.

It *is* Sunday, is n't it? I *thought* we had breakfast rather later than usual. All over the Christian world, on land and sea, there is this abstruse relation between a late breakfast and religious observances. MR. STANIFORD.

I don't know as you can have too much religion. I 've seen some pretty rough customers in the church, but I always thought, What would they be out of it! THE CAPTAIN.

"Do you ever find yourself struggling very hard to be what you think people think you are?"

"Oh, yes," replied Lydia. "But I thought no one else did."

"Everybody does the thing that we think no one else does," said Staniford, sententiously.

"I don't know whether I quite like it," said Lydia. "It seems like hypocrisy. It used to worry me. Sometimes I wondered if I had any real self. I seemed to be just what people made me, and a different person to each."

"I 'm glad to hear it, Miss Blood. We are companions in hypocrisy."

It flatters a man to be accused of sarcasm by the other sex.

There is nobody like a true friend for dealing an underhand blow at one's reputation.

MR. STANIFORD.

Most women, I believe, are so innocent as to think a man in love when he behaves like a lover.

MR. STANIFORD.

"There can be no unselfishness and no kindliness between us and young girls, unless we mean business, — love-making. You may be sure that they feel it so, if they don't understand it so."

"I don't agree with you. I don't believe it. My own experience is that the sweetest and most generous friendships may exist between us, without a thought of anything else."

My oldest sister tried tamin' a tiger. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a tiger won't tame worth a cent. But her pet was such a lamb most the while that she guessed she'd chance it. It did n't work. She 's at home with mother now, — three children, of course, — and he 's in hell, I s'pose. He was killed 'long-side o' me at Gettysburg. Ike was a good fellow when he was sober. But my souls, the life he led that poor girl! Yes, when a man 's got that tiger in him, there ought to be some quiet little war round for puttin' him out of his misery. I s'pose I 'm prejudiced; but I do *hate* a drunkard; and when I see one of 'em makin' up to a girl, I want to go to her, and

tell her she 'd better take a real tiger out the show, at once. MR. MASON.

"I did n't know that truth need be charming."

"It had better be, in women, if it 's to keep even with the other thing."

It was very nonsensical; but nonsense is sometimes enough.

But you thought something. If we only see people a second we form some opinion of them. MR. STANIFORD.

He understood how she had had this in her mind, and how she would not withhold justice from him because he had fallen in her esteem; how rather she would be the more resolute to do him justice for that reason.

But it 's a great satisfaction to have had it out with myself. I have n't got to pretend any more that I hang about her, and look at her, and go mooning round after her, for this no-reason and that; I 've got the best reason in the world for playing the fool, — I 'm in love! MR. STANIFORD.

But women owe our continent a double debt of fidelity. It 's the Paradise of women, it 's their Promised Land, where they 've been led up out of the Egyptian bondage of Europe. It 's the home of their freedom. It is recognized in America that women have consciences and souls. MR. STANIFORD.

A man can do no more than offer himself, and if he does less, after he 's tried everything to show that he 's in love with a woman, and to make her in love with him, he 's a scamp to refrain from a bad motive, and an ass to refrain from a good one. MR. STANIFORD.

He was a tall, slender man of fifty-five or sixty, with a straight gray moustache, and not at all the typical Englishman, but much more English-looking than if he had been.

There 's nothing like something to eat when you 're home-sick. I found that out when I was off at school. MRS. ERWIN.

I would do almost anything for you, Josephine; but really, you know, you ought n't to ask that. I was there last Sunday; I can't go every Sunday. It 's bad enough in England; a man ought to have some relief on the Continent. MR. ERWIN.

"Yes, and everybody *knew* they were Americans by their hats!" retorted Mrs. Erwin.

"*I* knew they were Americans by their good looks," said Mr. Erwin, "and what you call their stylishness."

"Oh, it 's all well enough for you to talk. *You 're* an Englishman, and you could wear a hat, if you liked. It would be set down to character. But in an American it would be set down to greenness. If you were an American, you would have to wear a bonnet."

"I 'm glad then, I 'm not an American," said her husband; "I don't think I should look well in a bonnet."

In England it 's quite different from what it used to be. Some of the best people in society are skeptics now, and that makes it quite another thing.

MRS. ERWIN.

She 's the very tip-top of the English here; she has a whole palace, and you meet the very best people at her house. I was afraid when you were singing, Lydia, that they would think your voice was too good to be good form, — that 's an expression you must get; it means everything, — it sounded almost professional. I wanted to nudge you to sing a little lower, or different, or something; but I could n't, everybody was looking so. No matter. It 's all right now. If *she* liked it, nobody else will dare to breathe.

MRS. ERWIN.

He had the manner of a man who had been taken up by people above him, and the impudence of a talent which had not justified the expectations formed of it.

At her toilette she had the exaltation and fury of a champion arming for battle.

Of course, women always think what they would do in such cases, if they were men; but if

men did what women think they would do if they were men, the women would be disgusted.

MRS. ERWIN.

He was always laughing at women, but there never was a man who cared more for them. From all that I could learn from Charles, he began by making fun of her, and all at once he became perfectly infatuated with her.

MRS. DUNHAM.

"I determined that no Englishwoman I ever saw should outdo me in strict conformity to all the usages of European society. So I cut myself off from all the Americans, and went with nobody but the English."

"Do you like them better?" asked Lydia, with the blunt, child-like directness that had already more than once startled her aunt.

"*Like* them! I detest them! If Mr. Erwin were a real Englishman, I think I should go crazy; but he 's been so little in his own country — all his life in India, nearly, and the rest on the Continent, — that he 's quite human; and no American husband was ever more patient and indulgent; and *that 's* saying a good deal. He would be glad to have nothing but Americans around; he has an enthusiasm for them, — or for what he supposes they are. Like the English! You ought to have heard them during our war; it would have made your blood boil! And then how they came crawling round after it was all over, and trying to pet us up! Ugh!"

"If you feel so about them," said Lydia, as before, "why do you want to go with them so much?"

"My dear," cried her aunt, "*to beat them with their own weapons on their own ground,* — to show them that an American can be more European than any of them, if she chooses!"

MRS. ERWIN.

I d' know as I like to see a husband puttin' his arm round his wife, even when he don't suppose any one 's lookin'; but I d' know but what it 's natural, too. But it 's one comfort to see 't she ain't the least mite silly about *him.* MARIA.

In the mean time it is easy enough to go down, and the ladies go down every day, taking their novels or their needle-work with them. They have various notions of a bath: some conceive that it is bathing to sit in the edge of the water, and emit shrieks as the surge sweeps against them; others run boldly in, and after a moment of poignant hesitation jump up and down half a dozen times, and run out; yet others imagine it better to remain immersed to the chin for a given space, looking toward the shore with lips tightly shut and the breath held. But after the bath they are all of one mind; they lay their shawls on the warm sand, and, spreading out their hair to dry, they doze in the sun, in such coils and masses as the unconscious figure lends itself to.

She was an old lady, who had once kept a very vigilant conscience for herself; but after making her life unhappy with it for some three-score years, she now applied it entirely to the exasperation and condemnation of others. She especially devoted it to fretting a New England girl's naturally morbid sense of duty in her daughter, and keeping it in the irritation of perpetual self-question.

She had a child's severe morality, and she had hardly learned to understand that there is much evil in the world that does not characterize the perpetrators.

Oh, it is n't the *wicked* people who do the harm. MRS. BREEN.

A woman is reminded of her insufficiency to herself every hour of the day. And it 's always a man that comes to her help.

Through a superstition, handed down from mother to daughter, that it is uncivil and even unkind not to keep saying something, they went on talking vapidities, where the same number of men, equally vacuous, would have remained silent.

"You must," he said, with really unwarrantable patronage, "have found that the study of medicine has its difficulties, — you must have been very strongly drawn to it."

"Oh, no, not at all; I had rather an aversion at first," she replied, with the instant superiority of a woman where the man suffers any topic to become personal.

She was in that mood, familiar to us all, when we long to be consoled and even flattered for having been silly. In a woman this mood is near to tears; at a touch of kindness the tears come, and momentous questions are decided.

A woman respects the word a man uses, not because she would have chosen it, but because she thinks that he has an exact intention in it, which could not be reconveyed in a more feminine phrase. In this way slang arises.

A yacht, trim and swift, cut across their course; the ladies on board waved a salutation with their handkerchiefs, and Libby responded.

"Do you know them?" asked Grace.

"No," he laughed. "But ladies like to take these liberties at a safe distance."

There 's nothing better in all the world than a sail. It is all the world while it lasts. A boat 's like your own fireside for snugness. MR. LIBBY.

"It 's wholesome to be ashamed of not having tried to do anything; but to be ashamed of having tried — it 's like death. There seems no recovery from that."

He did not take advantage of her confession, or try to tempt her to further confidence; and women like men who have this wisdom, or this instinctive generosity, and trust them further.

MISS BREEN.

Some people are not even mistakes. I suppose that almost any sort of success looks a good deal like failure from the inside. It must be a poor creature that comes up to his own mark. The best way is not to have any mark, and then you 're in no danger of not coming up to it.

MR. LIBBY.

They passed a yacht at anchor, and a young fellow in a white duck cap, leaning over the rail, saluted Libby with the significant gravity which one young man uses towards another whom he sees in a sail-boat with a pretty girl.

When a woman says she never will forgive a man, she always has a condition of forgiveness in her heart.

Well don't you see? But if I could have answered you as you wish, it would n't have been anything to give up everything for you. A woman is n't something else first, and a woman afterwards. MISS BREEN.

In another age, such a New England girl would have tortured herself with inquisition as to some neglected duty to God; in ours, when religion is so largely humanified, this Puritan soul could only wreak itself in a sense of irreparable wrong to her fellow-creature.

"Have you ever read it?" she asked, with hoarse breaks from her undertone, as she held up one of those cheap library-editions of a novel toward Grace.

"'Jane Eyre'? Why, of course. Long ago."

"So have I," said Miss Gleason. "But I sent and got it again, to refresh my impressions of Rochester. We all think Dr. Mulbridge is

just like him. Rochester is my ideal character, — a perfect conception of a man: so abrupt, so rough, so savage. Oh, I *like* those men! Don't you?" she fluted. "Mrs. Maynard sees the resemblance, as well as the rest of us. But I know! You don't approve of them. I suppose they *can't* be defended on some grounds; but I can see how, even in such a case as this, the perfect mastery of the man-physician constitutes the highest usefulness of the woman-physician. The advancement of women must be as women. 'Male and female created he them,' and it is only in remembering this that we are helping Gawd, whether as an anthropomorphic conception or a universally pervading instinct of love, don't you think?"

Marriage must change people so that unless they live to each other, their lives will be maimed and useless. It ought to be so much easier to forgive any wrong your husband does you than to punish it; for that perpetuates the wrong, and forgiveness ends it, and it 's the only thing that *can* end a wrong. MISS BARRY.

"Of course," she said, "Mrs. Maynard is still very sick, and needs the greatest care and attention."

"Yes, I understand that. But I reckon it will come out all right in the end," he said, with the optimistic fatalism which is the real religion of our orientalizing West.

But there is no lapse or aberration of character which can be half so surprising to others as it is to one's self.

They had now all retired from the sea, and, having survived its manifold perils, were patiently waiting to be drowned in sail-boats on the bay.

They dwelt very harmoniously together; for his mother, who had passed more than a quarter of a century in strong resistance to her husband's will, had succumbed, as not uncommonly happens with such women, to the authority of her son, whom she had no particular pleasure or advantage in thwarting.

"Her mother is progressive: she believes in the advancement of women; she thinks the men would oppress them if they got a chance."

"If one half of the bold things that are running about the country had masters it would be the best thing," said Mrs. Mulbridge, opening the lid of the coffee-pot, and clapping it to with force, after a glance inside.

"That's where Mrs. Breen would n't agree with you. Perhaps because it would make the bold things happy to have masters, though she does n't say so. Probably she wants the women to have women doctors so they won't be so well, and can have more time to think whether they have been good or not."

Every American, of whatever standing or breeding, thinks of himself as a gentleman, and nothing can gall him more than the insinuation that he is less.

Women are generous creatures, and there is hardly any offense which they are not willing another woman should forgive her husband when once they have said that they do not see how she could ever forgive him.

"Well, may be you 're partly right. But you don't suppose but what a man generally begins it, do you? There was Adam, you know. He did n't pull the apple; but he fell off into that sleep, and woke up with one of his ribs dislocated, and that 's what *really* commenced the trouble. If it had n't been for Adam, there would n't have been any woman, you know; and you could n't blame her for what happened after she got going?" There was no gleam of insinuation in his melancholy eye, and Grace listened without quite knowing what to make of it all. "And then, I suppose, he was n't punctual at meals, and stood round talking politics at night, when he ought to have been at home with his family?"

"Who?" asked Grace.

"Adam," replied Mr. Maynard lifelessly. "Well they got along pretty well outside," he continued. "Some of the children did n't turn out just what you might have expected; but rais-

ing children is mighty uncertain business. Yes, *they* got along."

You see, doctor, an incompatibility is a pretty hard thing to manage. You can't forgive it like a real grievance. You have to try other things, and find out that there are worse things, and then you come back to it and stand it.

MISS BREEN.

We are never nearer doing the thing we long to do than when we have proclaimed to ourselves that it must not and cannot be.

"It 's some comfort," she added, with a deep-fetched sigh, "to think I *had* to speak."

He laughed. "You did n't find it so easy to make love!"

"Oh, *nothing* is easy that men have to do!" she answered, with passionate eagerness.

When death itself comes, the sense of continuance is not at once broken in the survivors. In these moral deaths, which men survive in their own lives, there is no immediate consciousness of an end for a while; habit and the automatic tendency of desire carry them on.

You don't half know yourself, now. You know what you have been; but getting married lets loose all your possibilities. You don't know what a temper you 've got, nor how badly you can behave — how much like a naughty, good-

for-nothing little girl; for a husband and a wife are just two children together: that is what makes the sweetness of it, and that 's what makes the dreadfulness. Oh, *you 'll* have need of all your good principles, I can tell you, and if you 've a mind to do anything practical in the way of high purposes, I reckon there 'll be use for them all.

MRS. MAYNARD.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

He and her uncle had been talking of some indefinite, far-off place that they called Boston, in terms that commended it to her childish apprehension as very little less holy than Jerusalem, and as the home of all the good and great people outside of Palestine.

In Boston you are not only in the birthplace of American liberty, but the yet holier scene of its resurrection. There everything that is noble and grand and liberal and enlightened in the national life has originated, and I cannot doubt that you will find the character of its people marked by every attribute of a magnanimous democracy. If I could envy you anything, my dear girl, I should envy you this privilege of seeing a city where man is valued simply and solely for what he is in himself, and where color, wealth, family, occupation, and other vulgar and meretricious distinctions are wholly lost sight of in the consideration of individual excellence.

Dr. Ellison.

And they all three mutely recognized the right of an Englishman to stop, not only the boat, but the whole solar system, if his ticket entitled him to a passage on any particular planet.

He had the habit of thus protecting himself from the chances of life, and a conscience against encouraging people whom he might have to drop for reasons of society. This was sometimes a sacrifice, for he was not past the age when people take a lively interest in most other human beings.

I should like to see an American landscape that put one in mind of anything. What can your imagination do for the present scenery?

MR. ARBUTON.

You 've married Kitty right and left to everybody who 's looked at her since we left Niagara, and I 've worried myself to death investigating the character of her husbands. Now I 'm not going to do it any longer, — till she has an offer.

COL. ELLISON.

He was not a close observer, and of his wife's wardrobe he had the ignorance of a good husband, who, as soon as the pang of paying for her dresses is passed, forgets whatever she has.

Mrs. Ellison was a born matchmaker, and to have refrained from promoting their better acquaintance in the interest of abstract matrimony was what never could have entered into her thought or desire. Her whole being closed for the time about this purpose; her heart, always warm towards Kitty, — whom she admired with a sort of generous frenzy, — expanded with all kinds of lovely designs; in a word, every dress

she had she would instantly have bestowed upon that worshipful creature who was capable of adding another marriage to the world. I hope the reader finds nothing vulgar or unbecoming in this, for I do not; it was an enthusiasm, pure and simple, a beautiful and unselfish *abandon;* and I am sure men ought to be sorry that they are not worthier to be favored by it. Ladies have often to lament in the midst of their finesse that, really, no man is deserving the fate they devote themselves to prepare for him, or, in other words, that women cannot marry women.

He had this trait also in common with the sort of Englishman for whom he was taken, that he never helped out your conversational venture, but if he failed to respond inwardly, left you with your unaccepted remark upon your hands, as it were.

She sprang from her place, but stumbled slightly, and when she touched the ground, "I believe I turned my foot a little," she said with a laugh. "It 's nothing, of course," and fainted in his arms. MRS. ELLISON.

She innocently expected that in people of culture she should always find community of feeling and ideas; and she had met Mr. Arbuton all the more trustfully because as a Bostonian he must be cultivated.

"Arbuton," said a fat young fellow, the supposed wit of the class, "thinks there *are* persons of low extraction in heaven; but he does n't like the idea." . . . "If Arbuton could have been a divinely commissioned apostle to the best society, and been obliged to save none but well-connected, old-established, and cultivated souls, he might have gone into the ministry."

They at once became serious, as most people do after a hearty laugh, which, if you think, seems always to have something strange and sad in it.

He was one of those men whose perfection makes you feel guilty of misdemeanor whenever they meet you, and whose greeting turns your honest good-day coarse and common.

Fortune put on a smiling face, and bade him go free of them.

She was romantic, as most good young girls are.

Mrs. Ellison, who was as unliterary a soul as ever breathed, admired her with the heartiness which unimaginative people often feel for their idealizing friends, and believed that she was always deep in the mysteries of some plot.

"After all," she thought, "men will be men;"

and seemed not to find the fact wholly wanting in consolation.

MRS. ELLISON.

She learned the shame of not being a connoisseur in a connoisseur's company, and she perceived more painfully than ever before that a Bostonian, who had been much in Europe, might be very uncomfortable to the simple, untraveled American.

All you ask of your fellow-beings is a heart-breaking bereavement and a religious agony, and you are lively at once. *Some* people might require human sacrifices, but you don't.

COL. ELLISON.

I assert myself against his opinions: he treats me very gingerly, as if I were an explosive sprite, or an inflammable naiad from a torpedoed well, and it would n't be quite safe to oppose me, or I would disappear with a flash and a bang.

KITTY.

It seems as if he went about with a little imaginary standard, and was chiefly interested in things, to see whether they fitted it or not.

KITTY.

When were ever two women averse to talk of a man?

"We never had a rule for anything except to do what was right, and to be careful of the rights of others."

"Well."

"Well, Mr. Arbuton seems to have lived in a world where everything is regulated by some rigid law that it would be death to break. Then, you know, at home we are always talking about people, and discussing them; but we always talk of each person for what he is in himself, and I always thought a person could refine himself if he tried, and was sincere, and not conceited. But *he* seems to judge people according to their origin and locality and calling, and to believe that all refinement must come from just such training and circumstances as his own. Without exactly saying so, he puts everything else quite out of the question." KITTY.

I was n't taught to respect the idea of a gentleman very much. I've often heard my uncle say that, at the best, it was a poor excuse for not being just honest and just brave and just kind, and a false pretense of being something more. I believe, if I were a man, I should n't want to be a gentleman. At any rate, I 'd rather be the author of those books, which any gentleman *might* have written, than all the gentlemen who did n't, put together. KITTY.

It is not easy to love a woman and not seek, at least before marriage, to please those dear to her.

In their relation, people are not so different from children; they like the same thing over and

over again; they like it the better the less it is in itself.

Those strains of psychological autobiography which mark advancing intimacy, and in which they appear to each other the most uncommon persons that ever lived, and their experiences and emotions and ideas are the more surprisingly unique because exactly alike.

Yes! that's *like* men. As soon as one of them is safely married, he thinks all the love-making in the world has been done forever, and he can't conceive of two young people taking a fancy to each other. MRS. ELLISON.

"Encouraged him, Fanny? How can you accuse me of such indelicacy?"

"Encouraging is n't indelicacy. The gentlemen *have* to be encouraged, or of course they 'd never have any courage. They 're so timid, naturally."

"I don't think Mr. Arbuton is very timid. He seemed to think that he had only to ask as a matter of form, and I had no business to say anything. What has he ever done for me? And has n't he often been intensely disagreeable? He ought n't to have spoken just after overhearing what he did. It was horrid to do so. He was very obtuse, too, not to see that girls can't always be so certain of themselves as men, or, if they are, don't know they are as soon as they 're asked."

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Ellison, "that 's the way with girls. I do believe that most of them — when they 're young like you, Kitty — never think of marriage as the end of their flirtations. They 'd just like the attentions and the romance to go on forever, and never turn into anything more serious; and they 're not to blame for that, though they *do* get blamed for it."

And here, if the cynical reader of another sex is disposed to sneer at the method of her self-devotion, I am sure that women, at least, will allow it was most natural and highly proper that in this great moment she should first think of dress, upon which so great consequences hang in matters of the heart. Who — to be honest for once, O vain and conceited men! — can deny that the cut, the color, the texture, the stylish set of dresses, has not had everything to do with the rapture of love's young dream? Are not certain bits of lace and knots of ribbon as much a part of it as any smile or sidelong glance of them all? And hath not the long experience of the fair taught them that artful dress is half the virtue of their spells?

In her whole simple life she had never tasted champagne before, and she said innocently, as she put the frisking fluid from her lips after the first taste, "Why, I thought you had to *learn* to like champagne."

We 're not ashamed, you understand, of our ways; there 's such a thing as being proud of not being proud; and that 's what we are, or what I am. KITTY.

INDIAN SUMMER.

He experienced, with a sense of personal impoverishment, the curious fact that a journalist of strong characteristics leaves the tradition of himself in such degree with the journal he has created that he seems to bring very little away.

She had, with all her flexibility, a certain charming stiffness, like the stiffness of a very tall feather.

Women of fashion always interested him; he liked them; it diverted him that they should take themselves seriously. Their resolution, their suffering for their ideal, such as it was, their energy in dressing and adorning themselves, the pains they were at to achieve the trivialities they passed their lives in, were perpetually delightful to him. He often found them people of great simplicity, and sometimes of singularly good sense; their frequent vein of piety was delicious.

Mrs. Bowen had no more scruple than another woman in stopping travel and traffic in a public street for her convenience. She now entered into a brisk parting conversation with Colville, such

as ladies love, blocking the narrow sidewalk with herself, her daughter, and her open carriage door, and making people walk round her cab, in the road, which they did meekly enough, with the Florentine submissiveness to the pretensions of any sort of vehicle. She said a dozen important things that seemed to have just come into her head.

No; I must keep you for some other person: anybody can talk to a pretty girl. MRS. BOWEN.

He practiced these economies of material in conversation quite recklessly, and often made the same incident or suggestion do duty round a whole company.

"They 're ridiculous. If I were going to write a novel, I should take an old person for a hero — thirty-five or forty." She looked at Colville, and, blushing a little, hastened to add, "I don't believe that they begin to be interesting much before that time. Such flat things as young men are always saying! Don't you remember that passage somewhere in Heine's "Pictures of Travel," where he sees the hand of a lady coming out from under her mantle, when she 's confessing in a church, and he knows that it 's the hand of a young person who has enjoyed nothing and suffered nothing, it 's so smooth and flower-like? After I read that I hated the look of my hands — I was only sixteen, and it seemed as if I had had

no more experience than a child. Oh, I like people to be *through* something. Don't you?"

MISS GRAHAM.

Colville fell asleep with the flattered sense which abounds in the heart of a young man after his first successful evening in society, but which can visit maturer life only upon some such conditions of long exile and return as had been realized in his.

There are so many sad things in life that they ought to be kept out of books. MRS. BOWEN.

You can't be logical and complimentary at the same time. It 's too much to ask. MR. COLVILLE.

Colville had forgotten everything about the Lancers. He walked round like a bear in a pen; he capered to and fro with a futile absurdity; people poked him hither and thither; his progress was attended by rending noises from the trains over which he found his path. He smiled and cringed, and apologized to the hardening faces of the dancers: even Miss Graham's face had become very grave.

I mean that we are all so fond of the marvelous that we can't trust ourselves about any experience that seems supernatural. If a ghost appeared to me I should want him to prove it by at least two other reliable, disinterested witnesses before I believed my own account of the matter.

MR. COLVILLE.

"Do you never like to talk in earnest?"

"Well, not often," said Colville. "Because, if you do, you can't say with a good conscience afterward that you were only in fun."

"Oh! And do you always like to talk so that you can get out of things afterward?"

"No. I did n't say that, did I?"

"Very nearly, I should think."

"Then I 'm glad I did n't quite."

"I like people to be outspoken — to say everything they think," said the girl, regarding him with a puzzled look.

"Then I foresee that I shall become a favorite," answered Colville. "I say a great deal more than I think."

Morbid impulses are one of the luxuries of youth. MR. COLVILLE.

Oh yes; I understand that. And I don't mean that he really seems a thousand years old. What I meant was, he seems a thousand years off, as if he were still young, and had got left behind somehow. He seems to be on the other side of some impassable barrier, and you want to get over there and help him to our side, but you can't do it. I suppose his talking in that light way is merely a subterfuge to hide his feeling, to make him forget. MISS GRAHAM.

Our race finds its simplified and cheapened London or New York in all its continental re-

sorts now, but nowhere has its tastes been so much studied as in Italy, and especially in Florence. . . . It was not that he had his English or American doctor to prescribe for him when sick, and his English or American apothecary to compound his potion; it was not that there was an English tailor and an American dentist, an English bookseller and an English baker, and chapels of every shade of Protestantism, with Catholic preaching in English every Sunday. These things were more or less matters of necessity, but Colville objected that the barbers should offer him an American shampoo; that the groceries should abound in English biscuit and our own canned fruit and vegetables, and that the grocers' clerks should be ambitious to read the labels of the Boston baked beans. He heard — though he did not prove this by experiment — that the master of a certain trattoria had studied the doughnut of New England till he had actually surpassed the original in the qualities that have undermined our digestion as a people. But above all it interested him to see that intense expression of American civilization, the horse-car, triumphing along the magnificent avenues that mark the line of the old city walls; and he recognized an instinctive obedience to an abstruse natural law in the fact that whereas the omnibus, which the Italians have derived from the English, was not filled beyond its seating capacity, the horse-car was overcrowded without and within at Florence, just as it is with us who invented it.

"You never can know what sort of nature a young girl has. Her nature depends so much upon that of the man whose fate she shares."

"The woman is what the man makes her? That is convenient for the woman, and relieves her of all responsibility."

"The man is what the woman makes him, too, but not so much so. The man was cast into a deep sleep, you know" —

"And the woman was what he dreamed her. I wish she were."

If it delights women to pet an undangerous friend of our sex, to use him like one of themselves, there are no words to paint the soft and flattered content with which his spirit purrs under their caresses.

When a woman has explicitly condemned a given action, she apparently gathers courage for its commission under a little different conditions.

He wanted to take them in his arms, they were both so delicious; a man has still only that primitive way of expressing his supreme satisfaction in women.

Colville felt the meanness of a man who has betrayed his trust, and his self-contempt was the sharper because the trust had been as tacit and indefinite as it was generous.

Ah, yes; it 's an easy matter to pick up one's head from the ground and set it back on one's shoulders, or to bring the dead to life, or to make a tree put forth leaves and flowers in midwinter; but to melt the heart of a man with forgiveness in the presence of his enemy — that 's a different thing; *that 's* no fairy story; that 's a real miracle; and I believe this one happened — it 's so impossible. MR. COLVILLE.

Men don't go about nowadays trying to break girls' hearts. But very good men can be thoughtless and selfish. MRS. BOWEN.

They used to think that it was I who gave them consolation and spiritual purpose, but it was they who really imparted it. Women souls — how beautiful they sometimes are! They seem truly like angelic essences. MR. WATERS.

"I can never quite reconcile myself to the thought of dying out of my own country."

"Why not? It is very unimportant where one dies. A moment after your breath is gone you are in exile forever — or at home forever."

If a woman has lived long enough to be truly young herself she won't find a man at forty either decrepit or grotesque. He can even make himself youthful to a girl of thought and imagination. MR. WATERS.

"At forty one has still a great part of youth before him — perhaps the richest and sweetest part. By that time the turmoil of ideas and sensations is over; we see clearly and feel consciously. We are in a sort of quiet in which we peacefully enjoy. We have enlarged our perspective sufficiently to perceive things in their true proportion and relation; we are no longer tormented with the lurking fear of death, which darkens and embitters our earlier years; we have got into the habit of life; we have often been ailing and we have not died. Then we have time enough behind us to supply us with the materials of reverie and reminiscence; the terrible solitude of inexperience is broken; we have learned to smile at many things besides the fear of death. We ought also to have learned pity and patience. Yes," the old man concluded, in cheerful self-corroboration, "it is a beautiful age."

MR. WATERS.

A bachelor of forty is always flattered by any suggestion of marriage; the suggestion that a beautiful and charming woman would marry him is too much for whatever reserves of modesty and wisdom he may have stored up.

He had noticed that women who liked to beat about the bush in small matters have a prodigious straightforwardness in more vital affairs, and will even call gray black in order clearly to establish the presence of the black in that color.

In the noblest human purpose there is always some admixture, however slight, of less noble motive.

She dropped on her knees beside her bed, and stretched out her arms upon it, an image of that desolation of soul which, when we are young, seems limitless, but which in later life we know has comparatively narrow bounds beyond the clouds that rest so blackly around us.

At thirty-eight the emotions engrave themselves more deeply in the face than they do in our first youth, or than they will when we have really aged, and the pretty woman looked haggard.

Assassination always comes too early or too late in any popular movement. MR. WATERS.

The worst thing about suicide — and this must always rank it below political assassination — is that its interest is purely personal. No man ever kills himself for the good of others. MR. WATERS.

The past is humanity set free from circumstance, and history studied where it was once life is the past rehumanized. MR. WATERS.

Men fail but man succeeds. MR. WATERS.

Nature is a savage. She has good impulses, but you can't trust her altogether. MR. WATERS.

I don't think there 's very much of her left in us after we reach a certain point in life. She drives us on at a great pace for a while, and then some fine morning we wake up and find that Nature has got tired of us and has left us to taste and conscience. And taste and conscience are by no means so certain of what they want you to do as Nature was. MR. COLVILLE.

The man bade the woman not be a fool, and she asked him how she was to endure his company if she was not a fool.

One realizes in looking at such old ladies that there are women who could manage their own skeletons winningly.

If people are in sympathy, then they are of the same age, no difference how much older than one the other is. MISS GRAHAM.

"Oh, nothing," he said, shrinking from the sharpness of that scrutiny in a woman's eyes, which, when it begins the perusal of a man's soul, astonishes and intimidates him; he never perhaps becomes able to endure it with perfect self-control.

I was going to tell you just now that each of us lived to himself in this world, and that no one could hope to enter into the life of another and complete it. But now I see that I was partly

wrong. We two are bound together, Imogene, and whether we become all in all or nothing to each other, we can have no separate fate.

MR. COLVILLE.

"There is this to be remembered," he began, "which we don't consider in our mere speculations upon any phase of human affairs; and that is the wonderful degree of amelioration that any given difficulty finds in the realization. It is the anticipation, not the experience, that is the trial."

MR. WATERS.

Life is rather a long affair — if you live. There appears to be plenty of time, though people say not, and I think it would be rather odious to make every day of use. Let a few of them go by without doing anything for you! And as for reading, why not read when you 're hungry, just as you eat? Shouldn't you hate to take up a course of roast beef, or a course of turkey?

MR. COLVILLE.

A man would have plunged from the house and walked the night away; a woman must wear it out in her bed.

Oh yes, it 's very well in its way; but I prefer the rush of the American spring; no thought of mild weather this morning; a warm, gusty rain to-morrow night; day after to-morrow a burst of blossoms and flowers and young leaves and buds. I don't know whether we were made for our climate or our climate was made for us, but its

impatience and lavishness seem to answer some inner demand of our go-ahead souls. This happens to be the week of the peach blossoms here, and you see their pink everywhere to-day, and you don't see anything else in the blossom line. But imagine the American spring abandoning a whole week of her precious time to the exclusive use of peach blossoms! She would n't do it: she 's got too many other things on hand.

MISS GRAHAM.

A good thing develops itself in infinite and unexpected shapes of good, a bad thing into manifold and astounding evils.

It is hard for any man to deny merits attributed to him, especially if he has been ascribing to himself the opposite demerits.

In the moral world we are responsible only for the wrong that we intend. MR. WATERS.

There are times when it seems as if we were all puppets, pulled this way or that, without control of our own movements. Hamlet was able to browbeat Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with his business of the pipe; but if they had been in a position to answer they might have told him that it required far less skill to play upon a man than any other instrument. Most of us, in fact, go sounding on without any special application of breath or fingers, repeating the tunes that were played originally upon other men. MR. WATERS.

"We are a long time learning to act with common sense or even common sanity in what are called matters of the affections. A broken engagement *may* be a bad thing in some cases, but I am inclined to think that it is the very best thing that could happen in most cases where it happens. The evil is done long before; the broken engagement is merely sanative, and so far beneficent.

MR. WATERS.

A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

In the mean time there had occurred one of those impressive pauses, as notable in the lives of nations as of men, when, after the occurrence of great events, the forces of action and endurance seem to be gathering themselves against the stress of the future. The quiet was almost consciously a truce and not a peace; and this local calm had drawn into it certain elements that picturesquely and sentimentally heightened the charm of the place.

There are instances of the persistence of husbands in certain moods or points of view on which even wheedling has no effect. The wise woman perceives that in these cases she must trust entirely to the softening influences of time, and as much as possible she changes the subject; or if this is impossible she may hope something from presenting a still worse aspect of the affair.

It is hard to tell what sort of liberty it is that affronts a woman. It seems to depend a great deal upon the person who takes the liberty.

Elmore never could decide upon just what theory his wife had acted; he had to rest upon the

fact, already known to him, of her perfect truth and conscientiousness, and his perception that even in a good woman the passion for manœuvring and intrigue may approach the point at which men commit forgery.

"I think the American plan is much better," pouted Mrs. Elmore. "It 's horrid to know that a man 's in love with you, and wants to marry you, from the very start. Of course it makes you hate him."

"I dare say the American plan is better in this as in most other things."

I have seen something of international marriages since I 've been in Europe. Sometimes they succeed; but generally they 're wretched failures. The barriers of different race, language, education, religion, — they 're terrible barriers. It 's very hard for a man and woman to understand each other at the best; with these differences added, it 's almost a hopeless case.

MR. ELMORE.

Well, I 've been thinking a good deal about him. I have been wondering if, in his phenomenal way, he is not a final expression of the national genius, — the stupid contempt for the rights of others; the tacit denial of the rights of any people who are at English mercy; the assumption that the courtesies and decencies of life are for use exclusively towards Englishmen.

MR. ELMORE.

This was in that embittered old war-time: we have since learned how forbearing and generous and amiable Englishmen are; how they never take advantage of any one they believe stronger than themselves, or fail in consideration for those they imagine their superiors; how you have but to show yourself successful in order to win their respect, and even affection.

We are able to offer a brother very little comfort and scarcely any sympathy in those unhappy affairs of the heart which move women to a pretty compassion for a disappointed sister. A man in love is in no wise interesting to us for that reason; and if he is unfortunate, we hope at the furthest that he will have better luck next time.

Those Dutch are queer. They don't look at women as respectfully as we do, and they mix up so much cabbage with their romance that you don't know exactly how to take them; and yet here you find this fellow suffering just as much as a white man because the girl's folks won't let her have him. In fact, I don't know but he suffered more than the average American citizen. I think we have a great deal more common sense in our love affairs. We respect women more than any other people, and I think we show them more true politeness; we let 'em have their way more, and get their finger into the pie right along, and it's right we should: but we don't

make fools of ourselves about them, as a general rule. We know they 're awfully nice, and they know we know it; and it 's a perfectly understood thing all round. We 've been used to each other all our lives, and they 're just as sensible as we are. They like a fellow, when they do like him, about as well as any of 'em, but they know he 's a man and a brother after all, and he 's got ever so much human nature in him. Well, now, I reckon, one of these Dutch chaps, the first time he gets a chance to speak with a pretty girl, thinks he 's got hold of a goddess, and I suppose the girl feels just so about him. Why it 's natural they should — they 've never had any chance to know any better, and your feelings *are* apt to get the upper hand of you, at such times, any way. I don't blame 'em. MR. HOSKINS.

There is always something flattering, at first, to a gentle and peaceable man in the notion of being terrible to any one.

Elmore went out for a long walk, from which he returned disconsolate at dinner. He was one of those people, common enough in our Puritan civilization, who would rather forego any pleasure than incur the reaction which must follow with all the keenness of remorse; and he always mechanically pitied (for the operation was not a rational one) such unhappy persons as he saw enjoying themselves.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE.

By the sound of your voice, I could tell you were dishonest in the dark, David. MRS. SEWELL.

In this case, as in that of most other couples who cherish an ideal of dutiful living, she was the custodian of their potential virtue, and he was the instrument, often faltering and imperfect, of its application to circumstances; and without wishing to spare himself too much, he was sometimes aware that she did not spare him enough. She worked his moral forces as mercilessly as a woman uses the physical strength of a man when it is placed at her direction.

Sewell smiled to think how much easier it was to make one's peace with one's God than with one's wife.

You know that literature is a trade, like every other vocation, and that you must serve an apprenticeship if you expect to excel. MR. SEWELL.

In our time, when we refer so constantly to law, we are apt to forget that God is creative as well as operative. MR. SEWELL.

"What do you think," she asked, "since you 're in the mood of exasperated veracity — or pretend to be — of the flower Charity?"

"Do you mean by the barrel, or the single sack? The Graham, or the Haxall, or the health-food cold-blast?" asked Sewell.

Miss Vane lost her power of answering in another peal of laughter, sobering off, and breaking down again before she could say, "I mean cut flowers for patients and prisoners."

"Oh, that kind! I don't think a single pansy would have an appreciable effect upon a burglar; perhaps a bunch of forget-me-nots, or a few lilies of the valley carelessly arranged."

But really, really, the world seems so put together that I believe we ought to think twice before doing a good action. MR. SEWELL.

He ate, he slept, he fulfilled his use. Which of us does more? MR. SEWELL.

But if the particles of this mighty cosmos have been adjusted by the divine wisdom, what are we to say of the temerity that disturbs the least of them? MR. SEWELL.

If I could only have reached him where he lives, as our slang says! But do what I would, I could n't find any common ground where we could stand together. We are as unlike as if we were of two different species. I saw that every-

thing I said bewildered him more and more; he could n't understand me! Our education is unchristian, our civilization is pagan. They both ought to bring us in closer relations with our fellow-creatures, and they both only put us more widely apart! Every one of us dwells in an impenetrable solitude! We understand each other a little if our circumstances are similar, but if they are different all our words leave us dumb and unintelligible. MR. SEWELL.

There was a voice in Lemuel's heart which warned him that greed to another's hurt was sin, and that if you took too much for a thing from a necessitous person, you oppressed and robbed him. You could make it appear otherwise, but you could not really change the nature of the act. He owned this with a sigh, and he owned himself justly punished.

Kill him? *No!* You can't kill a *drunk*.
THE MATE.

Nothing more distinctly marks the rustic New England civilization than the taming of its men to the performance of certain domestic offices elsewhere held dishonorably womanish.

After a number of years of married life a woman learns to let her husband have his own way in some unimportant matters.

If he is a man, the work won't keep him from being literary. MR. SEWELL.

He maintained that though some mischiefs — perhaps most mischiefs — were irreparable so far as restoring the original status was concerned, yet every mischief was reparable in the good will and the good deed of its perpetrator. Do you what you could to retrieve yourself from error, and then, not leave the rest to Providence, but keep doing. The good, however small, must grow if tended and nurtured, like a useful plant, as the evil would certainly grow, like a wild and poisonous weed, if left to itself. Sin, he said, was a terrible mystery; one scarcely knew how to deal with it or to attempt to determine its nature; but perhaps — he threw out the thought while warning those who heard him of its danger in some aspects — sin was not wholly an evil. We were so apt in this world of struggle and ambition to become centred solely in ourselves, that possibly the wrong done to another — the wrong that turned our thoughts from ourselves, and kept them bent in agony and despair upon the suffering we had caused another, and knew not how to mitigate — possibly this wrong, nay, certainly this wrong, was good in disguise. But, returning to his original point, we were to beware how we rested in this despair. In the very extremity of our anguish, our fear, our shame, we were to gird ourselves up to reparation. Strive to do good, he preached; strive most of all to do good to those you have done harm to. His text was, "Cease to do evil."

You women commit yourselves to a scheme, in order to show your skill in reconciling circumstances to the irretrievable. MR. SEWELL.

Then the moral support of the presence of a man-body is enormous. I now know that I have never slept soundly since I have kept house alone — that I have never passed a night without hearing burglars or smelling fire. MISS VANE.

We had the greatest *time* last winter with those English sparrows. Used to feed 'em crumbs, there on the window-sill, and it seemed as if they got to know we girls, and they 'd hop right inside, if you 'd let 'em. Used to make me feel kind of creepy to have 'em. They say it 's a sign of death to have a bird come into your room, and I was always for 'em out, but Manda, she said she guessed the Lord did n't take the trouble to send birds round to every one, and if the rule did n't work one way it did n't work the other. You believe in signs? STATIRA.

Sibyl turned with the meekness of an ostentatious scape-goat, unjustly bearing the sins of her tribe, and went upstairs into the wilderness of her own thoughts again.

There ain't a bone in me that hain't got an ache in it. Sometimes I can't tell but what it 's the ache got a bone in it, ache seems the biggest. THE CONDUCTOR.

These ladies that ride on this line think they can keep the car standin' while they talk about the opera. But you 'd ought to see how they all look if a *poor* woman tries their little game. Oh, I tell you, rich people are hard.

THE CONDUCTOR.

It 's a pretty queer kind of a world, any way, the way everybody 's mixed up with everybody else. What 's the reason, if a man wants to steal, he cannot steal and suffer for it himself, without throwin' the shame and the blame on a lot more people that never thought o' stealin' ? I don't notice much when a fellow sets out to do right that folks think everybody else is on the square. No, sir, they don't seem to consider that kind of complaint so catching. Now, you take another thing: A woman goes round with the scarlet fever in her clothes and a whole carful of people take it home to their children ; but let a nice young girl get in, fresh as an apple, and a perfect daisy for wholesomeness every way, and she don't give it to a single soul on board. No, sir ; it 's a world I can't see through, nor begin to.

THE CONDUCTOR.

Our womankind are prone to a sort of helpless intimacy with those who serve them.

Our schooling does not train us to graceful or even correct speech; even our colleges often leave that uncouth.

The next morning he stopped on his way to breakfast with some books which he handed to Lemuel. "Don't feel at all obliged to read them because I lend them to you. They won't be of the least use to you if you do so. . . . I'll give you a little hint that I'm too old to profit by: remember that you can lend a person more books in a day than he can read in a week."

MR. EVANS.

I want you to tell your people and my people that the one who buys sin or shame, or corruption of any sort, is as guilty as the one who sells it. MR. EVANS.

I want to have people recognize that there is no superiority for them in such an affair; that there's nothing but inferiority; that the man who has the money and the wit to corrupt is a far baser rascal than the man who has the ignorance and the poverty to be corrupted.

MR. EVANS.

But what strikes me as being so interesting is that we appear to feel remorse for our misdeeds; and I was almost persuaded the other day, by an observer of our species, that remorse had gone out, or rather had never existed, except in the fancy of innocent people; that real criminals like ourselves were afraid of being found out, but were n't in the least sorry. Perhaps if we are sorry, it proves that we need n't be. MR. EVANS.

It 's a fearful thing to be the cause of a human soul's presence in Boston. MR. EVANS.

She was then freshly widowed by the loss of her first husband, and had launched her earliest boarding-house on that sea of disaster, where she had buoyantly outridden every storm and had floated triumphantly on the top of every engulfing wave.

I wonder why we despise certain occupations? We don't despise a man who hammers stone or saws boards; why should we despise a barber? Is the care of the human head intrinsically less honorable than the shaping of such rude material? Why do we still contemn the tailor who clothes us, and honor the painter who portrays us in the same clothes? Why do we despise waiters? I tried to make Barker believe that I respected all kinds of honest work. But I lied; I despised him for having waited on table. Why have all manner of domestics fallen under our scorn and come to be stigmatized in a lump as servants? MR. EVANS.

It 's very much simpler to fit people for the other world than for this, don't you think? . . . It was a cold day for the clergy when it was imagined that they ought to do both. MR. SEWELL.

He felt the self-reproach to which the man who rises without raising with him all those dear to him is destined in some measure all his life. His interests and associations are separated from theirs, but if he is not an ignoble spirit, the ties

of affection remain unweakened; he cares for them with a kind of indignant tenderness, and calls himself to account before them in the midst of pleasures which they cannot share, or even imagine.

There are certain ignoble facts in life which we can best combat by ignoring them. A slight of almost any sort ceases to be when you cease to consider it. MR. SEWELL.

A young man is better for knowing women older than himself, more cultivated, devoted to higher things. Of course, young people must see each other, must fall in love and get married; but there need be no haste about such things. If there is haste — if there is rashness, thoughtlessness — there is sure to be unhappiness. Men are apt to outgrow their wives intellectually, if their wives' minds are set on home and children, as they should be, and allowance for this ought to be made, if possible. I would rather that in the beginning the wife should be the mental superior. I hope it will be several years yet before you think seriously of such things, but when the time comes, I hope you will have seen some young girl — there are such for every one of us — whom it is civilization and enlightenment, refinement and elevation simply to know. On the other hand, a silly girl's influence is degrading and ruinous. She either drags those attached to her down to her own level, or she remains a weight and a clog upon the life of a man who loves her. MR. SEWELL.

Half the miserable marriages in the world could be prevented, if there were only some frank and fearless adviser at hand to say to the foolish things that if they no longer fully and freely love each other they can commit no treason so deadly as being true to their word. I wish that I could be the means of breaking off every marriage that the slightest element of doubt enters into beforehand. I should leave much less work for the divorce courts. The trouble comes from that crazy and mischievous principle of false self-sacrifice that I am always crying out against. If a man has ceased to love the woman he has promised to marry — or *vice versa* — the best thing possible they can do, the only righteous thing, is not to marry.

MR. SEWELL.

I wonder what it is about popping, any way, that makes it so hard, Barker? It's simply a matter of business, if you come to boil it down. You offer a fellow so many cattle, and let him take 'em or leave 'em. But if the fellow happens to have on a long, slim, olive-green dress of some color, and holds her head like a whole floral tribute on a stem, and *you* happen to be the cattle you 're offering, you can't feel so independent about it, somehow.

MR. BERRY.

Besides, he did do something: he did his duty; and my experience is that it 's no small thing to do.

MR. SEWELL.

And then, the ladies having withdrawn, the two men put on that business air with which our sex tries to atone to itself for having unbent to the lighter minds of the other; Heaven knows what women do when the men with whom they have been talking go away.

It was the gleam that lights up every labyrinth where our feet wander and stumble, but it is not always easy to know it from those false lights of feeble-hearted pity, of mock sacrifice, of sick conscience, which dance before us to betray to worse misery yet.

They both said how strange it was that laughing with any one seemed to make you feel so much better acquainted.

There is only one thing for us to do when we are in any doubt or perplexity, and that is the unselfish thing. MR. SEWELL.

Nothing seemed gloomier than the outlook for Lemuel, but Sewell had lived too long not to know that the gloom of an outlook has nothing to do with a man's real future.

Girls don't give up their hopes in life so easily as that. She might think she would do it, because she had read of such things, and thought it was fine, but when it came to the pinch, she would n't. MRS. SEWELL.

He wondered that he could think of such things and still look such a girl in the face. But he was not without that strange joy in their being unknown to her which reserved and latent natures feel in mere reticence, and which we all experience in some degree when we talk with people and think of our undiscovered lives.

I had hoped somehow that the general calamity had swallowed up your particular trouble in it. Though I don't know that general calamities ever do that with particular troubles.

MR. SEWELL.

APRIL HOPES.

A BONNET, she said, was much more than half the battle after forty.

She had thoughts of feigning unconsciousness; she would have had no scruple in practicing this or any other social stratagem, for though she kept a conscience in regard to certain matters — what she considered essentials — she lived a thousand little lies every day, and taught her daughter by precept and example to do the same. You must seem to be looking one way when you were really looking another; you must say this when you meant that; you must act as if you were thinking one thing when you were thinking something quite different; and all to no end, for, as she constantly said, people always know perfectly well what you were about, whichever way you looked or whatever you said, or no matter how well you acted the part of thinking what you did not think. Now, although she seemed not to look, she saw all that has been described at a glance, and at another she saw young Mavering slide easily up to his father and relieve him of the plate and glass, with a laugh as pleasant and a show of teeth as dazzling as he had bestowed

upon any of the ladies he had passed. She owned to her recondite heart that she liked this in young Mavering, though at the same time she asked herself what motive he really had in being so polite to his father before people. But she had no time to decide; she had only time to pack the question hurriedly away for future consideration, when young Mavering arrived at her elbow, and she turned with a little "Oh!" of surprise so perfectly acted that it gave her the greatest pleasure.

The elder Mavering had been trying, without success, to think of something to say to Miss Pasmer, and had twice cleared his throat for that purpose. But this comedy between his son and the young lady's mother seemed so much lighter and brighter than anything he could have said, that he said nothing, and looked on with his mouth set in its queer smile, while the girl listened with the gravity of a daughter who sees that her mother is losing her head.

The Professor stood by with the satirical smile with which men witness the effusion of women.

"Well, it makes you feel that you *have* got a country, after all," sighed Mrs. Pasmer, in a sort of apostrophe to her European self. "You see splendid dressing abroad, but it's mostly upon old people who ought to be sick and ashamed of their pomps and vanities. But here it's the young girls who dress; and how lovely they are!"

They all laughed, and the Professor looked proud of the wit at his expense; the American husband is so, and the public attitude of the American husband and wife toward each other is apt to be amiably satirical; their relation seems never to have lost its novelty, or to lack droll and surprising contrasts for them.

After all, their place in England was strictly inferior, and must be. Thew knew titles and consorted with them, but they had none themselves, and the English constancy which kept their friends faithful to them after they had become an old story was correlated with the English honesty which never permitted them to mistake themselves for even the lowest of the nobility. They went out last and they did not come in first ever.

. . . . . .

They had to ask themselves, the mother definitely and the father formlessly, whether they wished their daughter to marry an Englishman, and their hearts answered them, like true Republican hearts, not an untitled Englishman, while they saw no prospect of her getting any other. Mrs. Pasmer philosophized the case with a clearness and a courage which gave her husband a series of twinges analogous to the toothache, for a man naturally shrinks from such bold realizations. She said Alice had the beauty of a beauty, and she had the distinction of a beauty, but she had not the principles of a beauty; there was no

use pretending that she had. For this reason the Prince of Wales's set, so accessible to American loveliness with the courage of its convictions, was beyond her; and the question was whether there was money enough for a younger son, or whether, if there was, a younger son was worth it.

In fact Mrs. Pasmer was a flatterer, and it cannot be claimed for her that she flattered adroitly always. But adroitness in flattery is not necessary for its successful use. There is no morsel of it too gross for the condor gullet and the ostrich stomach of human vanity; there is no society in which it does not give the utterer instant honor and acceptance in greater or less degree.

Like other people who have always been idle, he did not consider his idleness a vice. He rather plumed himself upon it, for the man who has done nothing all his life naturally looks down upon people who have done or are doing something. In Europe he had not all the advantage of this superiority which such a man has here; he was often thrown with other idle people, who had been useless for so many generations that they had almost ceased to have any consciousness of it. In their presence Pasmer felt that his uselessness had not that passive elegance which only ancestral uselessness can give; that it was positive, and to that degree vulgar.

At Campobello there were not more than half enough young men, and there was not enough flirtation to affect the prevailing social mood of the place: an unfevered, expectationless tranquillity, in which to-day is like yesterday, and to-morrow cannot be different.

The plans all referred to Alice, who accepted and approved with an authority which every one tacitly admitted, just as every one recognized that Mavering had come to Campobello because she was there. Such a phase is perhaps the prettiest in the history of a love affair. All is yet in solution; nothing has been precipitated in word or fact. The parties to it even reserve a final construction of what they themselves say or do; they will not own to their hearts that they mean exactly this or that. It is this phase which in its perfect freedom is the most American of all; under other conditions it is an instant, perceptible or imperceptible; under ours it is a distinct stage, unhurried by any outside influences.

And agreeing that no one was good enough for Alice Pasmer, whose qualities they felt that only women could really appreciate, they were interested to see how near Mavering could come to being good enough; and as the drama played itself before their eyes, they pleased themselves in analyzing its hero.

"Do you mean that he 's *too* sympathetic —

that he is n't sincere?" asked the first, a single lady of forty-nine, a Miss Cotton, who had a little knot of conscience between her pretty eyebrows, tied there by the unremitting effort of half a century to do and say exactly the truth, and to find it out.

I don't think as a rule that men are half so appreciative of one another as women are. It 's most amusing to see the open scorn with which two young fellows treat each other if a pretty girl introduces them. MRS. BRINKLEY.

I don't know that we should be very proud ourselves if we confessed just what caught our fancy in our husbands. For my part I should n't like to say how much a light hat that Mr. Brinkley happened to be wearing had to do with the matter. MRS. BRINKLEY.

Love is n't strong enough to save people from unhappiness through each other's faults. Do you suppose that so many married people are unhappy in each other because they don't *love* each other? No; it 's because they *do* love each other that their faults are such a mutual torment. If they were indifferent, they would n't mind each other's faults. Perhaps that 's the reason why there are so many American divorces; if they did n't care, like Europeans, who don't marry for love, they could stand it.

MRS. BRINKLEY.

There was probably not a woman among them but had felt more, read more, and thought more than John Munt; but he was a man, and the mind of a man is the court of final appeal for the wisest woman. Till some man has pronounced upon their wisdom, they do not know whether it is wisdom or not.

She was morally a bundle of finesses, but at the bottom of her heart her daughter was all the world to her. She had made the girl her idol, and if, like some other heathen, she had not always used her idol with the greatest deference, if she had often expected the impossible from it, and made it pay for her disappointment, still she had never swerved from her worship of it. She suddenly asked herself, What if this young fellow, so charming and so good, should so wholly monopolize her child that she should no longer have any share in her? What if Alice, who had so long formed her first care and chief object in life, should contentedly lose herself in the love and care of another, and both should ignore her right to her?

"Yes, that's what makes the whole thing so perfectly ridiculous. Just think of two children, one of twenty and the other of twenty-three, proposing to decide their lifelong destiny in such a vital matter! Should we trust their judgment in regard to the smallest business affair? Of course not. They're babes in arms, morally and

mentally speaking. People have n't the data for being wisely in love till they 've reached the age when they have n't the least wish to be so. Oh, I suppose I thought I was a grown woman too when I was twenty; I can look back and see that I did; and, what's more preposterous still, I thought Mr. Brinkley was a man at twenty-four. But we were no more fit to accept or reject each other at that infantile period " —

" Do you really think so? " asked Miss Cotton, only partially credulous of Mrs. Brinkley's irony.

MRS. BRINKLEY.

I 'm sure that no *grown* person can see the ridiculous young things — inexperienced, ignorant, feather-brained — that nature intrusts with children, their immortal little souls and their extremely perishable little bodies, without rebelling at the whole system. When you see what most young mothers are, how perfectly unfit and incapable, you wonder that the whole race does n't teeth and die. Yes, there 's one thing I feel pretty sure of — that, as matters are arranged *now*, there ought n't to be mothers at all, there ought to be only grandmothers. MRS. BRINKLEY.

It is always the belief of a young man's family, especially his mother and sisters, that unfair means have been used to win him, if the family of his betrothed are unknown to them; and it was a relief, if not exactly a comfort, for Eunice Mavering to find that Alice was as great a simpleton as Dan, and perhaps a sincerer simpleton.

Perhaps it is only in these ecstasies of the senses that the soul ever reaches self-consciousness on earth; and it seems to be only the man-soul which finds itself even in this abandon. The woman-soul has always something else to think of.

To youth all forms of suffering are abhorrent.

There was an implication in everything she said that Dan Mavering had been hoodwinked by Mrs. Pasmer. Mature ladies always like to imply something of the sort in these cases. They like to ignore the prime agency of youth and love, and pretend that marriage is a game that parents play at with us, as if we were in an old comedy; it is a tradition.

I 'm always surprised to find sensible people at these things of Jane's. They 're most extraordinary things. Jane's idea of society is to turn a herd of human beings loose in her house and see what will come of it. She has no more sense of hospitality or responsibility than the elements or Divine Providence. You may come here and have a good time — if you can get it, she won't object; or you may die of solitude and inanition; she 'd never know it. I don't know but it 's rather sublime in her. It 's like the indifference of fate; but it 's rather rough on those who don't understand it. She likes to see her rooms filled with pretty dresses, but she has no

social instincts and no social inspiration whatever. She lights and heats and feeds her guests, and then she leaves them to themselves. She 's a kind woman — Jane is a very good-natured woman, and I really think she 'd be grieved if she thought any one went away unhappy; but she does nothing to make them at home in her house — absolutely nothing. MR. BROMFIELD COREY.

Mrs. Frobisher, after half an hour of Boston society, was not that presence of easy gayety which crossed Dan's path on the Portland pavement the morning of his arrival from Campobello; but she was still a handsome, effective woman, of whom you would have hesitated to say whether she was showy or distinguished. Perhaps she was a little of both, with an air of command bred of supremacy in frontier garrisons; her sister was like her in the way that a young girl may be like a young matron. They blossomed alike in the genial atmosphere of Mrs. Brinkley and Mr. Corey. He began at once to make bantering speeches with them both. The friendliness of an old man and a stout elderly woman might not have been their ideal of success at an evening party, used as they were to the unstinted homage of young captains and lieutenants, but a brief experience of Mrs. Bellingham's hospitality must have taught them humility; and when a stout, elderly gentleman, whose baldness was still trying to be blond, joined the group, the spectacle was not without its points

of resemblance to a social ovation. Perhaps it was a Boston social ovation.

Women know how to accept a reparation on account, and without giving a receipt in full.

If you ask a stranger to your house, you establish a tacit understanding with him that you won't forget him after you have him there. I like to go about and note the mystification of strangers who 've come here with some notion of a little attention. It 's delightfully poignant; I suffer with them; it 's a cheap luxury of woe; I follow them through all the turns and windings of their experience. Of course the theory is that, being turned loose here with the rest, they may speak to anybody; but the fact is, they can't. Sometimes I should like to hail some of these unfriended spirits, but I have n't the courage. I 'm not individually bashful, but I have a thousand years of Anglo-Saxon civilization behind me. There ought to be policemen to show strangers about and be kind to them. I 've just seen two pretty women cast away in a corner, and clinging to a small water-color on the wall with a show of interest that would melt a heart of stone.

MR. BROMFIELD CORRY.

The women in America represent the aristocracy which exists everywhere else in both sexes. You are born to the patrician leisure; you have accomplishments and the clothes and manners

and ideals; and we men are a natural commonalty, born to business, to newspapers, to cigars, and horses. This natural female aristocracy of ours establishes the forms, usages, places, and times of society. The epicure aristocracies of other countries turn night into day in their social pleasures, and our noblesse sympathetically follow their example. You ladies, who can lie till noon next day, come to Jane's reception at eleven o'clock, and you drag along with you a herd of us brokers, bankers, merchants, lawyers, and doctors, who must be at our offices and counting-rooms before nine in the morning. The hours of us work-people are regulated by the wholesome industries of the great democracy which we 're a part of; and the hours of our wives and daughters by the deleterious pleasures of the Old World aristocracy.

That 's the reason we 're not all at home and in bed.

MR. BROMFIELD CORBY.

I think it 's rather worse with us than with any other people. We 're a simple, sincere folk, domestic in our instincts, not gregarious or frivolous in any way; and when we 're wrenched away from our firesides, and packed in our best clothes into Jane's gilded saloons, we feel vindictive; we feel wicked. When the Boston being abandons himself — or herself — to fashion, she suffers a depravation into something quite lurid. She has a bad conscience, and she hardens her heart with talk that 's tremendously cynical.

MR. BROMFIELD CORBY.

Boardman moved his head on the pillow, as he watched Mavering's face, with the agreeable sense of personal security which we all feel in viewing trouble from the outside.

Girlhood is often a turmoil of wild impulses, ignorant exaltations, mistaken ideals, which really represent no intelligent purpose, and come from disordered nerves, ill-advised reading, and the erroneous perspective of inexperience.

Ah, everybody in Cambridge does that. They don't gossip; they merely accumulate materials for the formulation of character. MRS. PASMER.

Don't you think the most circuitous kind of fellow would be pretty direct compared with the straightforwardest kind of girl?

MR. DAN MAVERING.

Mrs. Pasmer, don't you think that where two people are going to be entirely devoted to each other, and self-sacrificing to each other, they ought to divide, and one do all the devotion, and the other all the self-sacrifice?

MR. DAN MAVERING.

The note came, as her notes were apt to come, while Dan was at breakfast, which he was rather luxurious about, for so young a man, and he felt formlessly glad afterward that he had drunk his first cup of coffee before he opened it, for it chilled the second cup, and seemed to take all character out of the omelet.

The difficulty in life is to bring experience to the level of expectation, to match our real emotions in view of any great occasion with the ideal emotions which we have taught ourselves that we ought to feel. This is all the truer when the occasion is tragical; we surprise ourselves in a helplessness to which the great event, death, ruin, lost love, reveals itself slowly, and at first wears the aspect of an unbroken continuance of what has been, or at most of another incident in the habitual sequence.

Mighty good thing in life that we move by steps. Now on the stage, or in a novel, you 'd have got those things together and addressed 'em, and dispatched 'em, in just the right kind of paper, with just the right kind of string round it, at a dash; and then you 'd have time to go up and lean your head against something and soliloquize, or else think unutterable things. But here you see how a merciful Providence blocks your way all along. You 've had to fight through all sorts of sordid little details to the grand tragic result of getting off Miss Pasmer's letters, and when you reach it you don't mind it a bit.

MR. BOARDMAN.

The whole family had in some degree that foible which affects people who lead isolated lives; they come to think that they are the only people who have their virtues; they exaggerate these, and they conceive a kindness even for the qualities which are not their virtues. Mrs. Mavering's

life was secluded again from the family seclusion, and their peculiarities were intensified in her. Besides, she had some very marked peculiarities of her own, and these were also intensified by the solitude to which she was necessarily left so much. She meditated a great deal upon the character of her children, and she liked to analyze and censure it both in her own mind and openly in their presence. She was very trenchant and definite in these estimates of them; she liked to ticket them, and then ticket them anew. She explored their ancestral history on both sides for the origin of their traits, and there were times when she reduced them in formula to mere congeries of inherited characteristics. If Eunice was self-willed and despotic, she was just like her grandmother Mavering; if Minnie was all sentiment and gentle stubbornness, it was because two aunts of hers, one on either side, were exactly so; if Dan loved pleasure and beauty, and was sinuous and uncertain in so many ways, and yet was so kind and faithful and good, as well as shilly-shallying and undecided, it was because her mother and her mother's father had these qualities in the same combination.

When she took her children to pieces before their faces, she was sharp and admonitory enough with them. She warned them to what their characters would bring them to if they did not look out; but perhaps because she beheld them so hopelessly the present effect of the accumulated tendencies of the family past, she was tender and

forgiving to their actions. The mother came in there, and superseded the student of heredity; she found excuse for them in the perversity of circumstance, in the peculiar hardship of the case, in the malignant misbehavior of others.

Men are quite as curious as women, but they set business bounds to their curiosity, and do not dream of passing these. With women who have no business of their own, and cannot quell themselves with the reflection that this thing or that is not their affair, there is no question so intimate that they will not put it to some other woman; perhaps it is not so intimate, or perhaps it will not seem so; at any rate, they chance it.

She has no fixed character. *No* girl has. *Nobody* has. We all have twenty different characters — more characters than gowns — and we put them on and take them off just as often for different occasions. I know *you* think each person is permanently this or that; but my experience is that half the time they 're the other thing. MRS. BRINKLEY.

"There 's one thing, Miss Cotton, that 's more essential in marriage than Miss Pasmer's instantaneous honesty, and that 's patience."

"Patience with wrong?" demanded Miss Cotton.

"Yes, even with wrong; but I meant patience with each other. Marriage is a perpetual par-

don, concession, surrender; it 's an everlasting giving up; that 's the divine thing about it."

MRS. BRINKLEY.

Women give up a great deal when they marry. It 's not strange that they exaggerate the sacrifice, and expect more in return than it 's in the nature of man to give them.

MR. ELBRIDGE MAVERING.

Women keep the romantic feeling longer than men; it dies out of us very soon — perhaps too soon.

. . . . . .

No man can be all a woman wishes him to be. It 's better for the disappointment to come before it 's too late. MR. ELBRIDGE MAVERING.

Harm comes from many things, but evil is of the heart. I would n't have you condemn yourself too severely for harm that you did n't intend — that 's remorse — that 's insanity; and I would n't have you fall under the condemnation of another's invalid judgment.

MR. ELBRIDGE MAVERING.

Some of the best people I 've ever known were what were called worldly people. They are apt to be sincere, and they have none of the spiritual pride, the conceit of self-righteousness, which often comes to people who are shut up by conscience or circumstance to the study of their own motives and actions. MR. ELBRIDGE MAVERING.

I never feel myself competent to advise. I

can criticise — anybody can — and I do, pretty freely; but advice is a more serious matter. Each of us must act for herself — from what she thinks is right. . . . After all, we have a right to do ourselves good, even when we pretend that it 's good to others, if we don't do them any harm.

MRS. BRINKLEY.

She recognized that in most girls of Alice's age many traits are in solution, waiting their precipitation into character by the chemical contact which time and chances must bring, and that it was not fair to judge her by the present ferment of hereditary tendencies.

It has been the experience of every one to have some alien concern come into his life and torment him with more anxiety than any affair of his own. This is, perhaps, a hint from the infinite sympathy which feels for us all that none of us can hope to free himself from the troubles of others, that we are each bound to each by ties which, for the most part, we cannot perceive, but which, at the moment their stress comes, we cannot break.

If he had been different, she would not have asked him to be frank and open; if she had been different, he might have been frank and open.

A WOMAN'S REASON.

As long as we live, we can't help treating each other as if we were to live always. MR. HARKNESS.

"I was born a great while ago," observed Helen, waveringly.

"I dare say you think so," said the captain. "I thought *I* was at your age. But you 'll find as you grow older, that you were n't born such a very great while ago after all. The time shortens up. Is n't that so, Harkness?"

"Yes," said Mr. Harkness, "everything happened day before yesterday."

In those days Helen came to understand what her father had meant by saying, that after her mother and her little brothers died, the house seemed full of them, and that it did not make him afraid. Now that he had died, the house seemed full of him, and she was not afraid. She grew to be weak and sore, and almost blind from weeping; but even when she cowered over the dead face, and cried and moaned to it, it seemed something earthly and perishable in her lone bewailing only the earthly and perished part of him, while what was really himself beheld her

grief with a high, serene compassion, and an intelligence with some immortal quiet in her own soul.

. . . . . .

He was with her as she followed him to the grave; and he came back with her to the house from which they had borne him.

In this sense of his survival, which neither then nor afterwards had any fantastic quality to her, she seemed to draw nearer to him than ever before. He understood now, he knew the depth and truth of her love, through all her vanities and follies. Something inexpressibly sweet and dear was in this consciousness, and remained always, when its vividness had faded with the keen anguish of her grief. Such things, the common experience of all bereavement, are hard to put in words. Said, they seem crude and boastful, and more than what is felt; but what is felt is more than can ever be said.

If Marian can't find her happiness in something besides gayety, she 'd better not think of getting married. CAPT. BUTLER.

But one thing I have made up my mind I shall not do; I shall not paint holly-wood boxes. . . . In the first place, I paint horridly; but that would n't make any difference. What I could n't do would be to ask the outrageous prices which holly-wood boxes bring from sympathizing friends when painted by young ladies in need. Besides,

I think the market must be overstocked. Only consider, Mrs. Butler, how many holly-wood boxes must have been painted by this time, and what stores of them people must have laid by, that they could n't give away if Christmas came twice a year from now till the millennium. And all so much alike, too; a farm-house very deep in the snow; the moon monopolizing the sky, and Santa Claus, very fuzzy all over, and much too large for his sleigh, with his reindeers and his pipe just of a size; and fat robins at each end of the box. No, you need n't be afraid of holly-wood boxes from *me*, Mrs. Butler.

HELEN.

All that Helen had learned and done had merely had the effect that was meant: to leave her a cultivated and agreeable girl, with bright ideas on all sorts of pleasant subjects. She was, as the sum of it, merely and entirely a lady, the most charming thing in the world, and as regards anything but a lady's destiny the most helpless.

This not talking of America at all. I find your people — your best people, I suppose they are — very nice, very intelligent, very pleasant — only talk about Europe. They talk about London, and about Paris, and about Rome; there seems to be quite a passion for Italy; but they don't seem interested in their own country. I can't make it out. It is n't as if they were cosmopolitan; that is n't quite the impression, though — excuse my saying so — they try to give it.

They always seem to have been reading "The Fortnightly," and "The Saturday Review," and "The Spectator," and the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and the last French and English books. It's very odd! Upon my word, at one dinner the Americans got to talking to one another about some question of local finance in pounds, shillings, and pence. I don't understand it.

LORD RAINFORD.

Before she slept, Helen heard the street door open and shut, and then voices ascending to the third floor; a lady's voice, and a gentleman's voice, and a sleepy little boy's voice.

"Well, this is the *last* time we shall take Tom to the theatre," said the lady's voice — the voice of spent nerves.

"Yes," said the gentleman's voice. "We shall confine ourselves to the circus after this, Tom."

"Circuses are the best, any way," said the child's voice.

"Hush! Don't speak so!" cried the lady.

"Why, they are, mamma," insisted the boy.

"This is a question of morals, not of opinions, Tom," said the father. "You're not to prefer circuses when they're inflicted as a punishment."

"Mamma," cried Jessie, "you need n't *try* to put us down about this. It's an extraordinary case! We've never had the opportunity before, to decide the vocation of a young lady who wants

a lucrative employment. *Do* say you 'll decorate pottery for a living, Helen! "

. . . . . .

Helen was swept along in the tide. "I don't know anything about keramics," she laughed, turning upon the group.

"That 's the beauty of the profession," they shouted in reply. "You don't *need* to know anything about it."

"I can't draw!"

"Drawing 's the very last thing that 's wanted for art-pottery. *Say* that you 'll drive over with us and select the shapes!"

"You must first begin with a bean-pot, like that pretty little Mrs. Gay," said Jessie Butler. "You ought to have heard her talk about it; so colonial, so in character with Beverly!" The young girl gave the tone and the languish. "She decorated it with a flowering bean; they say she thought that was the kind they baked. Perhaps you 'll find that they 've begun to give bean-pots an æsthetic shape. Miss Harkness's bean-pots will become the fashion. We shall have a course of beans in their native earthen-ware at dinners, and when the pot comes in, everybody will put on their *pince-nez*, and crane over, and ask, 'Is that a Harkness, Mrs. Jones?'" JESSIE BUTLER.

The character of no man is fixed till it has been tried by that of the woman he loves. Till then he has only the materials of character, and they are all to be shaped and ordered as newly as if he had never had them before.

For some time in the rush of her emotion, she did not realize that it was not an answer to her own letter. But it was infinitely more. It forestalled and anticipated her letter, as that, when it came to his hand, would in its turn be both appeal and response to him. Best of all, his letter made the first advance towards reconciliation, and assumed for Robert the blame for what she had suffered. She knew that he was not wholly to blame, but as a woman she liked to have him say that he was, and she liked him to be generously first in owning himself wrong — that always seems a man's part.

. . . . . .

It was such a letter as no woman would have written if she had been a man!

Marian Butler was at that period full of those airs of self-abnegation with which women adorn themselves in the last days of betrothal, and the first of marriage, and never afterwards.

He got a chart out of the library, and Helen began to study navigation with the impassioned devotion which love lends to intellectual pursuits. One observes this ardor in two young persons of opposite sexes who take up some branch of literature or science together, which they might not perhaps have thought of, if they had not thought of each other. It has been known to cast a purple light upon metaphysics.

"My dear," said Miss Kingsbury, summing up in a word the most that a New England woman can say of a man, "he is *easy-going!* But he is *very* kind; and *she* is the salt of the earth."

"And some of the pepper?" suggested Helen.

"A little of the pepper, without doubt. But not a grain more than is good for him. He would be *nothing* without her," she added, in the superstition ladies love to cherish concerning the real headship of the family.

A series of odious facts had flashed without sequence into her thought: his obtuse persistence in love; his baldness; his stinginess; the fit of his pantaloons; his spiritual aridity; and his physical knobbiness. She hardly knew for which of his qualities she disliked him the most.

"Well I thought it must be you," he said, with the half-shy, half-jocose respect of that sort of Americans in the presence of a fashionable woman. It amuses them to see the women putting on style, as they would say; but they revere them as ladies all the same. Kimball touched his hat, and then pushed it back on his head in token of standing uncovered while they talked.

"Lord *Rainford!* Curious chap. *Lord* Rainford! Don't know as ever I saw many lords before," he said with Yankee caution. "Don't know as I ever saw *any*," he added with Yankee

conscientiousness. He pondered the card with a sarcastic smile, as if amused that any fellow-creature should seriously call himself a lord, and then broke out in a sort of repentance: "Well, he 's a *gentleman*, I *guess*. Had his declaration made but fair and square, and opened up all his traps, first off, like a man. *Forced* 'em on to your notice, as you may say. No hangin' back about *him*. Well!" he added, after a final inspection of the card, "it *wa'n't* quite regular, as you may say, to let him take the box along without openin' it; but a man has *some* discretion, I suppose; and — well, the fact is, I took a fancy to the fellow. Seemed kind of *human* after all."

KIMBALL.

Oh, society has all been to Europe, and has lost the old American point of view — or thinks it has.

HELEN.

"A person who pretends to keep such a conscience as you do, always dusted off and ready for use in any emergency, ought to be able to answer without prevarication. Are you sure that you are not doing more to help Miss Harkness because she is a lady of fallen fortunes, than you would do for some poor girl who was struggling up, and trying to support inebriate parents, and pay a younger brother's way through college?" Cornelia opened her mouth to protest, but he hastened to prevent her. "Are you sure that her being visited by a lord has nothing to do with

your beneficent zeal? Are you sure that you are not indulging a native disposition to curry favor with worldlings and vanities, generally? Are you certain that at the best you are seeking anything better than the self-flattery that comes through the ability to patronize a social superior? I merely ask you to reflect." MR. EVANS.

They're (British aristocrats) very sensitive. . . . Really for people who have gone tramping about the world ever since they could walk — and they began to walk *very* early — and crushing other people's feelings quite into the mire, they're *extraordinarily* sensitive. One would think that they had always behaved themselves with the utmost delicacy and consideration, instead of scolding and criticising and advising wherever they went. MISS KINGSBURY.

"Oh," said Helen, "there's nothing like frankness," and at the same moment she felt herself an intricate and inextricable coil of reservations.

"I think the Americans particularly like it," he suggested.

"We expect it," said Helen, with a subtlety which he missed.

To a girl who had never dreamt of being loved for anything but herself, and, in her quality of well-born and well-bred American, could not imagine herself less than the equal of princes, Lord Rainford's impassioned misconceptions con-

tained as many offenses as could have been put into as many words.

Now I 'm *not* a saint, and I can be frank and open about a great many things that I observe saints like to fight shy of. A saint — especially a female one — is about as difficult a party to bring to book as any I know. Now *I* don't mind acknowledging all these shameful motives which *you* feel that you must blink. *I* don't mind saying that the notion of throwing something in the way of a young lady who has moved in the first circles, and still associates with lords and ladies on equal terms, is intoxicating to me, and that I will help you in this work with far more pleasure than if she were a farmer's or a mechanic's daughter.

. . . . . .

Here are three novels, if she wants to try her hand on them, and she can review the batch together. That is the way we do. There 's quite a range in these: one is an old writer of established fame, one has not quite proved himself yet, and one is unknown. You would naturally think that if such books are works of art they would go to people of experience and reflection for review, but that is a mistake: they go to people who can be most flippant and impertinent about them, and we find, as a general rule, that the young ladies who write for us can be more flippant and impertinent than the young men.

MR. EVANS.

And then Miss Kingsbury explained that of course she, and numerous other persons of wealth and respectability, would be only too glad to have Helen Harkness come and spend her days with them, but she could not bear the idea of dependence; and was n't her trying to do something for herself splendid? And I said that I thought it was; but I don't. And Miss Kingsbury said that she knew it would appeal to me, and I said that it did; but it does n't. Why should it appeal to me, — why should I think it splendid that a healthy young woman refuses to be a loafer and a pauper? Why, under heaven, *should n't* she do something for herself? The town is full of young women who are *obliged* to do something for themselves. That 's the kind of splendor that appeals to me — the involuntary kind, — like my own. Is it any worse for Miss Harkness to work for a living than the tens of thousands of other girls who are doing it? You have worked for a living yourself, Miss Root. Do you want me to regard you as splendid?

MR. EVANS.

A *woman* can sometimes do something without damaging others. But when a *lady* undertakes to help herself, some man has to suffer for it.

MR. EVANS.

Ah, there it is again! Accept her inefficiency and applaud her failure because you pity her! Do you think the ladies are ever going to do anything for themselves as long as the world is asked and expected to take that attitude? Did you tell

her that she was an artist, and then work up her sketches for her? Have a morsel of compassion yourself, Miss Root! I 'm going to have large masses of it. I 'm going to rewrite Miss Harkness's whole review!

MR. EVANS.

It 's *your* conscience, and Mrs. Evans's conscience, that have goaded me to desperation. I can get on very well with my own conscience.

MR. EVANS.

Clara wanted her to set up a shop in her drawing-room, but they devolved upon something more modest in the end, and Helen took Mrs. Hewitt's parlor floor. Clara advanced the capital; a tasteful and *recherché* stock of frames and feathers and ribbons was chosen, and Helen embarked in the enterprise under the favoring smiles of a world at once fashionable and sympathetic and high-minded. It would not be easy to say just how the scheme came to final ruin. But when once a lively lady had said Miss Harkness's bonnets had so much *touch*, and another had answered, "Oh, yes, they were *all* touch," and both had then tittered in tacit recognition of a certain amateurish lack in them, it was well on the way to failure. By the time that a visiting New York lady had said Miss Harkness seemed to be quite a Boston fashion, and had been answered, "Oh, no; a Boston *passion*," she was no longer so. Clara Kingsbury wore her Harkness bonnet to the bitter end (as some one phrased it), but she was notoriously interested, and her heroic devotion counted for nothing.

There were no evidences of the better taste to which she had been accustomed half her days; she had simply tried to make her parlor as like all the other parlors in that row as she could, with a wood-colored ingrain carpet, tan terry furniture, and a marble-topped centre-table; if she had been a Protestant, she would have had a large gilt-edged Bible on this; as it was, she had an infant Jesus in wax under a glass bell.

"It 's all very well in that way," said Mr. Evans, whom Cornelia had not been able to refrain from triumphing over with a fact that refuted all his predictions of renewed failure for Helen. "So is any one who caters to a depraved popular taste of any sort, practical. But what I want you to consider is whether there is not something immoral in allowing a savage preference for purple and orange to indulge itself. If I read my Ruskin aright, I understand that there is some sort of occult connection between a feeling for color and righteousness. Now you say that Miss Harkness allows her customers to array themselves in whatever hue of the rainbow they like best; that she daily and hourly violates her own sense of right in color for the sake of money. Don't you call that immoral?

. . . . . .

"Oh, I'm a poor, weak, erring male man! But I 've frequently been taught that when woman entered the arena of business, it would be in some way that would elevate and ennoble affairs.

I shudder to think what will become of us when women go into politics, if they show themselves so ready in business at all the tricks of trade. But I 've noticed that when ladies — I 'm not speaking of women now — determine to be practical, they let no consideration stand in their way; they aim to succeed. Look at the unprincipled way they conduct their fairs for benevolent objects! What prices! What swindling lotteries of all sorts! No, your Miss Harkness is like the rest; and it appears to me that at the present moment she is pandering to a very depraved taste in ribbonry, and I see nothing to admire in the mere fact that she is making a living by it. Lots of people make a living by selling crooked whiskey.

. . . . . .

"Well, I was afraid she was going to die, and we always try to make interest with the other world by being kind to people about to go into it. But we never keep it up after if they turn back." MR. EVANS.

They don't forget their dead; but in this world we can't live for the dead, we must live for the living. ROBERT.

Oh, Mrs. Butler! the sorrow was sent; but the work was sent to save me. HELEN.

The rewards of principle are often scarcely distinguishable from penalties, and the spectator

is confounded between question of the martyr's wisdom and a dark doubt of the value of living out any real conviction in a world so badly constituted as this.

"And oh!" she said at the end, "do learn to do something that people have *need* of, and learn to do it well and humbly, and just as if you had been working for your living all your life. Try to notice how men do things, and when you 're at work, forget that you 're a woman, and, above all, a young lady." HELEN.

One never endures or endeavors to one's self alone.

Women seldom reason, it is said; when they do so, it must be owned that it is with passionate largeness.

THEIR WEDDING JOURNEY.

My one horror in life is an evident bride.

ISABEL.

For my part I do not object to a woman being of Isabel's age, if she is of a good heart and temper. Life must have been very unkind to her if at that age she have not won more than she has lost.

Perhaps it is like some blessed sorrow that takes us out of this prison of a world, and sets us free of our every-day hates and desires, our aims, our fears, ourselves. May be a long and mortal sickness might come to wear such a face in one of us two, and the other could see it, and not regret the poor mask of youth and pretty looks that had fallen away.

ISABEL.

I suppose that when a tolerably unselfish man is once secure of a woman's love, he is ordinarily more affected by her compassion and tenderness for other objects than by her feelings towards himself. He likes well enough to think, "She loves me," but still better, "How kind and good she is!"

Oh, no, I could n't, dear. It is very difficult being any poet at all, though it 's easy to be like one. But I 've done with it; I broke with the Muse the day you accepted me. She came into my office, looking so shabby, — not unlike one of those poor shop-girls; and as I was very well dressed from having just been to see you, why, you know, I felt the difference. "Well, my dear?" said I, not quite liking the look of reproach she was giving me. "You are going to leave me," she answered sadly. "Well, yes; I suppose I must. You see the insurance business is very absorbing; and besides, it has a bad appearance, your coming about so in office hours, and in those clothes." "Oh," she moaned out, "you used to welcome me at all times, out in the country, and thought me prettily dressed." "Yes, yes; but this is Boston; and Boston makes a great difference in one's ideas; and I 'm going to be married, too. Come, I don't want to seem ungrateful; we *have* had many pleasant times together, I own it; and I 've no objections to your being present at Christmas and Thanksgiving and birthdays, but really I must draw the line there." She gave me a look that made my heart ache, and went straight to my desk and took out of a pigeon-hole a lot of papers, — odes upon your cruelty, Isabel; songs to you; sonnets, — the sonnet, a mighty poor one, I 'd made the day before, — and threw them all into the grate. Then she turned to me again, signed adieu with mute lips, and passed out. I could hear the bottom

wire of the poor thing's hoop-skirt clicking against each step of the stairway, as she went slowly and heavily down to the street. BASIL.

But to stand in front of Grace Church, on a clear day, — a day of late September, say, — and look down the swarming length of Broadway, on the movement and the numbers, while the Niagara roar swelled and swelled from those human rapids, was always like strong new wine to me. I don't think the world affords such another sight; and, for one moment, at such times, I 'd have been willing to be an Irish councilman, that I might have some right to the pride I felt in the capital of the Irish Republic. What a fine thing it must be for each victim of six centuries of oppression to reflect that he owns at least a dozen Americans, and that, with his fellows, he rules a hundred helpless millionaires!

BASIL.

Thus, with immense profit and comfort, they reassured one another by every question and answer, and in their weak content lapsed far behind the representative women of our age, when husbands are at best a necessary evil, and the relation of wives to them is known to be one of pitiable subjection.

In a convenient place in the station hung a thermometer, before which every passenger, on going aboard the ferry-boat, paused as at a shrine, and mutely paid his devotions. At the altar of

this fetich our friends also paused, and saw that the mercury was above ninety, and, exulting with the pride that savages take in the cruel might of their idols, bowed their souls to the great god Heat.

I suppose it is always a little shocking and grievous to a wife when she recognizes a rival in butchers' meat and the vegetables of the season. With her slender relishes for pastry and confectionery, and her dainty habits of lunching, she cannot reconcile with the ideal her husband's capacity for breakfasting, dining, supping, and hot meals at all hours of the day and night — as they write it on the sign-boards of barbaric eating-houses. But Isabel would have only herself to blame if she had not perceived this trait of Basil's before marriage. She recurred now, as his figure disappeared down the station, to memorable instances of his appetite in their European travels during their first engagement. "Yes, he ate terribly at Susa, when I was too full of the notion of getting into Italy to care for *bouillon* and cold roast chicken. At Rome I thought I must break with him on account of the wild-boar; and at Heidelberg, the sausage and the ham! — how could he, in my presence? But I took him with all his faults, — and was glad to get him."

How sad is the fruition of human wishes! There 's nothing, after all, like a good thorough failure for making people happy. BASIL.

All places that fashion has once loved and abandoned are very melancholy.

It seems to me a proof of the small advance our race has made in true wisdom, that we find it so hard to give up doing anything we have meant to do. It matters very little whether the affair is one of enjoyment or of business, we feel the same bitter need of pursuing it to the end. The mere fact of intention gives it a flavor of duty; and dutiolatry, as one may call the devotion, has passed so deeply into our life that we have scarcely a sense any more of the sweetness of even a neglected pleasure. We will not taste the fine, guilty rapture of a deliberate dereliction; the gentle sin of omission is all but blotted from the calendar of our crimes. If I had been Columbus, I should have thought twice before setting sail, when I was quite ready to do so; and as for Plymouth Rock, I should have sternly resisted the blandishments of those twin sirens, Starvation and Cold, who beckoned the Puritans shoreward, and as soon as ever I came in sight of their granite perch should have turned back to England.

The biggest place is always the kindest as well as the cruellest place. BASIL.

Nothing is so hard as to understand that there are human beings in this world besides one's self and one's set. BASIL.

There is little proportion about either pain or pleasure; a headache darkens the universe while it lasts, a cup of tea really lightens the spirit bereft of all reasonable consolations.

If they had had a loftier opinion of themselves, their indifference to others might have made them offensive; but with their modest estimate of their own value in the world, they could have all the comfort of self-sufficiency, without its vulgarity.

It 's the greatest imaginable satisfaction to have lived past certain things. I always knew that I was not a very handsome or otherwise captivating person, but I can remember years — now blessedly remote — when I never could see a young girl without hoping she would mistake me for something of that sort. I could n't help desiring that some fascination of mine, which had escaped my own analysis, would have an effect upon her. I dare say all young men are so. I used to live for the possible interest I might inspire in your sex, Isabel. They controlled my movements, my attitudes; they forbade me repose; and yet I believe I was no ass, but a tolerably sensible fellow. Blessed be marriage, I am free at last! . . . and I thank Heaven that I can meet the most stylish girl now upon the broad level of our common humanity. BASIL.

The almighty dollar defeats itself, and finally

buys nothing that a man cares to have. The very highest pleasure that such an American's money can purchase is exile, and to this rich man doubtless Europe is a twice-told tale. Let us clap our empty pockets, dearest reader, and be glad.

Happiness has commonly a good appetite.

Here, then, they had enforced a great fact of traveling, — that people who serve the public are kindly and pleasant in proportion as they serve it well. The unjust and the inefficient have always that consciousness of evil which will not let a man forgive his victim, or like him to be cheerful.

As in literature the true artist will shun the use even of real events if they are of an improbable character, so the sincere observer of man will not desire to look upon his heroic or occasional phases, but will seek him in his habitual moods of vacancy and tiresomeness. To me, at any rate, he is at such times very precious; and I never perceive him to be so much a man and a brother as when I feel the pressure of his vast, natural, unaffected dullness. Then I am able to enter confidently into his life and inhabit there, to think his shallow and feeble thoughts, to be moved by his dumb, stupid desires, to be dimly illumined by his stinted inspirations, to share his foolish prejudices, to practice his obtuse selfish-

ness. Yes, it is a very amusing world, if you do not refuse to be amused.

Woman, wherever she is, appears in the last attainable effects of fashion, which are now all but telegraphic and universal.

It has been discovered by the register that we are from Boston, and we are merely meeting the reverence, affection, and homage which the name everywhere commands. It 's our fortune to represent for the time being the intellectual and moral virtue of Boston. This supper is not a tribute to you as a bride, but as a Bostonian.

BASIL.

We shall never have a poetry of our own till we get over this absurd reluctance from facts, till we make the ideal embrace and include the real, till we consent to face the music in our simple common names, and put Smith into a lyric and Jones into a tragedy. BASIL.

Her husband looked at her with the gravity a man must feel when he begins to perceive that he has married the whole mystifying world of womankind in the woman of his choice, and made no answer. But to his own soul he said: "I supposed I had the pleasure of my wife's acquaintance. It seems I have been flattering myself."

When I think of the amount of public love-

making in the season of pleasure-travel, from Mount Desert to the Yosemite, and from the parks of Colorado to the Keys of Florida, I feel that our continent is but a larger Arcady, that the middle of the nineteenth century is the golden age, and that we want very little of being a nation of shepherds and shepherdesses.

You know how the same faces and the same trunks used to keep turning up in our travels on the other side. Once meet people in traveling, and you can't get rid of them. BASIL.

Her silken mantle (or whatever) slipped from her shoulder, and he embracingly replaced it, flattering himself that he had delicately seized this chance of an unavowed caress and not knowing (oh, such is the blindness of our sex!) that the opportunity had been yet more subtly afforded him, with the art which women never disuse in this world, and which I hope they will not forget in the next.

They perceived that beauty was not only its own excuse for being, but that it flattered and flavored and profited the world by consenting to be.

Clara is very much of a reformer and would make an end of all of us men, I suppose — except her father, who supports her in the leisure that enables her to do her deep thinking.

BASIL.

Why, in fact, should we wish to find America like Europe? Are the ruins and impostures and miseries and superstitions which beset the traveler abroad so precious, that he should desire to imagine them at every step in his own hemisphere? Or have we then of our own no effective shapes of ignorance and want and incredibility, that we must forever seek an alien contrast to our native intelligence and comfort?

I am much too good and noble to sacrifice my preference to my duty. BASIL.

We were better two great nations side by side than a union of discordant traditions and ideas. BASIL.

At heart every man is a smuggler, and how much more every woman! She would have no scruple in ruining the silk and woolen interest throughout the United States. She is a free-trader by intuitive perception of right, and is limited in practice by nothing but fear of the statute.

After all, nothing is so tiresome as continual exchange of sympathy, or so apt to end in mutual dislike, — except gratitude.

Alas! when shall the poor, blind, stupid world honor those who renounce self in the joy of their kind, equally with those who devote themselves through the anguish and loss of thousands? So old a world, and groping still!

When we renounce the pomps and vanities of this world, we are pretty sure to find them in some other, — if we are women.

To be always going to go on a morrow that never came! To be forever within one day of the end of a wedding journey that never ended!

ISABEL.

A husband is almost as good as another woman!

ISABEL.

Next summer they would come again, yes; but, ah me! every one knows what next summer is!

A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

THE dreamy warmth in Don Ippolito's deep eyes kindled to a flame; a dark red glowed in his thin cheeks; he drew a box from the folds of his drapery and took snuff in a great whiff, as if inhaling the sulphurous fumes of battle, or titillating his nostrils with grains of gunpowder. He was at least in full enjoyment of the poetic power of his invention, and no doubt had before his eyes a vivid picture of a score of secessionists surprised and blown to atoms in the very moment of triumph. "Behold, Signor Console!" he said.

Mr. Ferris took his way through the devious footways where the shadow was chill, and through the broad campos where the sun was tenderly warm, and the towers of the church rose against the speckless azure of the vernal heaven. As he went along, he frowned in a helpless perplexity with the case of Don Ippolito, whom he had begun by doubting for a spy with some incomprehensible motive, and had ended by pitying with a certain degree of amusement and a deep sense of the futility of his compassion. He presently began to think of him with a little disgust, as people commonly think of one whom they pity

and yet cannot help, and he made haste to cast off the hopeless burden. He shrugged his shoulders, struck his stick on the smooth paving-stones, and let his eyes rove up and down the fronts of the houses for the sake of the pretty faces that glanced out of the casements. He was a young man, and it was spring, and this was Venice.

It is impossible to think well of the mind of a girl who treats one with tacit contempt.

She had been by marriage so long in the service of the United States that she still regarded its agents as part of her own domestic economy. Consuls she everywhere employed as functionaries specially appointed to look after the interests of American ladies traveling without protection.

It were well if the master read his breviary a little more, instead of always maddening himself with those blessed inventions, that eat more soldi than a Christian, and never come to anything. There he sits before his table, as if he were nailed to his chair, and lets his coffee cool — and God knows I was ready to drink it warm two hours ago — and never looks at me if I open the door twenty times to see whether he has finished. Holy patience! You have not even the advantage of fasting to the glory of God in this house, though you keep Lent the year round. It 's the Devil's Lent, *I* say, eh, Diana!

DON TOMMOLITO'S SERVANT.

They went on to talk, desultorily, of Don Ippolito, and what he might be like. In speaking of him the day before, Ferris had hinted at some mysterious sadness in him; and to hint of sadness in a man always interests women in him, whether they are old or young; the old have suffered, the young forebode suffering.

They did not talk as if it were strange that Ferris should do to-day what he had yesterday said he would not do; perhaps as women they could not find such a thing strange; but it vexed him more and more.

"I suppose I ought to have taken Don Ippolito's arm," she confided in undertone, "but the fact is, our French is so unlike that we don't understand each other *very* well."

"Oh," returned Ferris, "I 've known Italians and Americans whom Frenchmen themselves could n't understand." MRS. VERVAIN.

When she could, she had Ferris come too, and she missed him when he did not come. "I like that bluntness of his," she professed to her daughter, "and I don't mind his making light of me. You *are* so apt to be heavy if you 're not made light of occasionally. I certainly should n't want a *son* to be so respectful and obedient as you are, my dear." MRS. VERVAIN.

All young men like a house in which no ado is made about their coming and going.

He perceived with amusement that this amiable lady, who never did an ungraceful thing nor wittingly said an ungracious one, was very much of a Bohemian at heart, — the gentlest and most blameless of the tribe, but still lawless, — whether from her campaigning married life, or the rovings of her widowhood, or by natural disposition; and that Miss Vervain was inclined to be conventionally strict, but with her irregular training was at a loss for rules by which to check her mother's little waywardnesses. Her anxious perplexity, at times, together with her heroic obedience and unswerving loyalty to her mother, had something pathetic as well as amusing in it. He saw her tried almost to tears by her mother's helpless frankness, — for Mrs. Vervain was apparently one of those ladies whom the intolerable surprise of having anything come into their heads causes instantly to say or do it.

"You all think that there can be no picture of Venice without a gondola or a Bridge of Sighs in it. Have you ever read the Merchant of Venice, or Othello? There is n't a boat nor a bridge nor a canal mentioned in either of them; and yet they breathe and pulsate with the very life of Venice. I 'm going to try to paint a Venetian priest so that you 'll know him without a bit of conventional Venice near him."

"It was Shakespeare who wrote those plays," said Florida. Ferris bowed in mock suffering from her sarcasm. "You 'd better have some

sort of symbol in your picture of a Venetian priest, or people will wonder why you came so far to paint Father O'Brien."

I don't wonder you thought I ought to be in love with Miss Vervain. She *is* beautiful, and I believe she's good. But if men had to marry because women were beautiful and good, there is n't one of us could live single a day.

MR. FERRIS.

I think you can't let people alone too much. For my part, if I try to characterize my friends, I fail to do them perfect justice, of course; and yet the imperfect result remains representative of them in my mind; it limits them and fixes them; and I can't get them back again into the undefined and the ideal where they really belong. One ought never to speak of the faults of one's friends: it mutilates them; they can never be the same afterwards.

MR. FERRIS.

When I think about the past of Venice, I don't care so much to see any of the heroically historical things; but I should like immensely to have looked in at the Ridotto, when the place was at its gayest with wigs and masks, hoops and small-clothes, fans and rapiers, bows and courtesies, whispers and glances. I daresay I should have found Don Ippolito there in some becoming disguise.

MR. FERRIS.

These haunts of old-time splendor and idleness,

weary of themselves, and unable to escape, are sadder than anything in Venice, and they belonged, as far as the Americans were concerned, to a world as strange as any to which they should go in another life, — the world of a faded fashion and an alien history.

"Ah," said the diplomatist, "there's nothing like knowing just *when* to produce your dignity. There are some officials who know too little, — like those guards; and there are some who know too much, — like the commissary's superiors. But he is just in that golden mean of ignorance where he supposes a consul is a person of importance."

Ferris had noticed that all his countrywomen, past their girlhood, seemed to be sick, he did not know how or why; he supposed it was all right, it was so common. In Mrs. Vervain's case, though she talked a great deal about her ill-health, he had noticed it rather less than usual, she had so great spirit. He recalled now that he *had* thought her at times rather a shadowy presence, and that occasionally it had amused him that so slight a structure should hang together as it did — not only successfully, but triumphantly.

Pardon rankles even in a generous soul, and the memory of having pardoned embarrasses the sensitive spirit before the object of its clemency, humbling and making it ashamed It would be

well, I suppose, if there need be nothing of the kind between human creatures, who cannot sustain such a relation without mutual distrust. It is not so ill with them when apart, but when they meet they must be cold and shy at first.

You have been willing to see the man in me, and to let me forget the priest. DON IPPOLITO.

There are doubtless temptations enough to be false under the best of conditions in this world. DON IPPOLITO.

It was due to the truth in you that I should seem to you what I am. DON IPPOLITO.

"I wonder," said Florida, "why there is always something so dreadful to us in the idea of a priest."

"They *do* seem a kind of alien creature to us Protestants. I can't make out whether they seem so to Catholics, or not. But we have a repugnance to all doomed people, have n't we? And a priest is a man under sentence of death to the natural ties between himself and the human race. He is dead to us. That makes him dreadful. The spectre of our dearest friend, father or mother, would be terrible. And yet," added Ferris, musingly, "a nun is n't terrible."

"No," answered the girl, "that 's because a woman's life even in the world seems to be a constant giving up. No, a nun is n't unnatural, but a priest is."

You only get to a certain point with Italians. They like to meet you on the street; may be they have n't any *in-doors*. MR. FERRIS.

They have consciences, but not like us. The Italians are kinder people than we are, but they 're not so just, and I should say that they don't think truth the chief good of life. They believe there are pleasanter and better things. Perhaps they 're right. MR. FERRIS.

But there seems to be something, I don't know what it is, that is above all reason of ours, something that saves each of us for good in spite of the bad that 's in us. It 's very good practice, for a man who wants to be modest, to come and live in a Latin country. He learns to suspect his own topping virtues, and to be lenient to the novel combinations of right and wrong that he sees.
MR. FERRIS.

It is from this heaven-born ignorance in women of the insuperable difficulties of doing right that men take fire and accomplish the sublime impossibilities. Our sense of details, our fatal habits of reasoning, paralyze us; we need the impulse of the pure ideal which we can get only from them.

I suppose God lets men learn Him from their own experience of evil. I imagine the kingdom of heaven is a sort of republic, and that God draws men to Him only through their perfect freedom. MR. FERRIS.

But I've been noticing the number of good, kind, friendly faces, and they're in the majority, just as they are amongst other people; for there are very few souls altogether out of drawing, in my opinion. MR. FERRIS.

I know it well. It was your fatal truth that did it; truth too high and fine for me to have discerned save through such agony as — You too loved my soul, like the rest, and you would have had me no priest for the reason that they would have had me a priest — I see it. But you had no right to love my soul and not me — you, a woman. A woman must not love only the soul of a man. DON IPPOLITO.

People are never equal to the romance of their youth in after life, except by fits, and Ferris especially could not keep himself at what he called the operatic pitch of their brief betrothal and the early days of their marriage. With his help or even his encouragement, his wife might have been able to maintain it.

"It's very hard to decide which are my favorites," he continued, surveying the long column through an opera-glass. "My religious disadvantages have been such that I don't care much for priests or monks, or young John the Baptists, or small female cherubim, but I do like little charity-boys with voices of pins and needles and hair cut *à la* dead-rabbit. I should like, if it

were consistent with the consular dignity, to go down and rub their heads. I 'm fond, also, of *old* charity-boys, I find. Those paupers make one in love with destitute and dependent age, by their aspect of irresponsible enjoyment. See how briskly each of them topples along on the leg that he has n't got in the grave! How attractive likewise are the civilian devotees in those imperishable dress-coats of theirs! Observe their high collars of the era of the Holy Alliance — they and their fathers and their grandfathers before them have worn those dress-coats; in a hundred years from now their posterity will keep holiday in them. I should like to know the elixir by which the dress-coats of civil employees render themselves immortal. Those penitents in the cloaks and cowls are not bad, either, Miss Vervain. Come, they add a very pretty touch of mystery to this spectacle. They 're the sort of thing that painters are expected to paint in Venice — that people sigh over as so peculiarly Venetian." MR. FERRIS.

It might be said that in many other ways he was not her equal; but one ought to reflect how very few men are worthy of their wives in any sense.

There is nothing has really so strong a digestion as love, and this is very lucky, seeing what manifold experiences love has to swallow and assimilate.

Thus lapsing more and more into a mere problem as the years have passed, Don Ippolito has at last ceased to be even the memory of a man with a passionate love and a mortal sorrow. Perhaps this final effect in the mind of him who has realized the happiness of which the poor priest vainly dreamed is not the least tragic phase of the tragedy of Don Ippolito.

"I guess you would n't want my life without the money," said Lapham, as if he were willing to prolong these moments of preparation.

"Take 'em both," Bartley suggested. "Don't want your money without your life, if you come to that. But you 're just one million times more interesting to the public than if you had n't a dollar; and you know that as well as I do, Mr. Lapham. There 's no use beating about the bush."

"In personal appearance," wrote Bartley in the sketch for which he now studied his subject, while he waited patiently for him to continue, "Silas Lapham is a fine type of the successful American. He has a square, bold chin, only partially concealed by the short reddish-gray beard, growing to the edges of his firmly closing lips. His nose is short and straight; his forehead good, but broad rather than high; his eyes blue, and with a light in them that is kindly or sharp according to his mood. He is of medium height, and fills an average arm-chair with a solid bulk, which on the day of our interview was unpretentiously clad in a business suit of blue serge. His

head droops somewhat from a short neck, which does not trouble itself to rise far from a pair of massive shoulders."

A man never sees all that his mother has been to him till it 's too late to let her know that he sees it. COL. LAPHAM.

All my brothers went West, and took up land; but I hung on to New England, and I hung on to the old farm, not because the paint-mine was on it, but because the old house was — and the graves. COL. LAPHAM.

"And, after all, that 's about the best thing in a woman," said the potential reprobate. "If my wife was n't good enough to keep both of us straight, I don't know what would become of me." BARTLEY.

I 've had my share of luck in this world, and I ain't a-going to complain on my *own* account, but I 've noticed that most things get along too late for most people. COL. LAPHAM.

A man can't make a greater mistake with a reporter than to hold back anything out of modesty. It may be the very thing we want to know. What we want is the whole truth; and more; we 've got so much modesty of our own that we can temper almost any statement.

BARTLEY.

"But you can use it for almost anything where a paint is wanted, inside or out. It 'll prevent decay, and it 'll stop it, after it 's begun, in tin or iron. You can paint the inside of a cistern or a bath-tub with it, and water won't hurt it; and you can paint a steam-boiler with it, and heat won't." . . .

"Never tried it on the human conscience, I suppose," suggested Bartley.

"No, sir," replied Lapham gravely. "I guess you want to keep that as free from paint as you can, if you want much use of it. I never cared to try any of it on mine."

"Is that so?" said Lapham, recognizing with a smile another of the vast majority of married Americans; a few underrate their wives, but the rest think them supernal in intelligence and capability.

"And Mis' Lapham was with me every time. No hang back about *her*. I tell you she was a *woman!*"

Bartley laughed. "That 's the sort most of us marry."

"No, we don't," said Lapham. "Most of us marry silly little girls grown up to *look* like women."

"Well, I guess that 's about so," assented Bartley, as if upon second thought.

And I never saw anything so very sacred

about a big rock along a river or in a pasture, that it would n't do to put mineral paint on it in three colors. I wish some of the people that talk about the landscape, and *write* about it, had to bu'st one of them rocks *out* of the landscape with powder, or dig a hole to bury it in, as we used to have to do up on the farm; I guess they 'd sing a little different tune about the profanation of scenery. There ain't any man enjoys a sightly bit of nature — a smooth piece of interval with half a dozen good-sized wine-glass elms in it — more than I do. But I ain't a-going to stand up for every big ugly rock I come across, as if we were all a set of dumn Druids. I say the landscape was made for man, and not man for the landscape. COL. LAPHAM.

"Feel there!" Lapham took Bartley's thumb and forefinger and put them on a bunch in his leg, just above the knee. "Anything hard?"

"Ball?"

Lapham nodded. "Gettysburg. That 's my thermometer. If it wa'n't for that, I should n't know enough to come in when it rains."

With all her wonderful beauty, she had an innocence almost vegetable. When her beauty, which in its immaturity was crude and harsh, suddenly ripened, she bloomed and glowed with the unconsciousness of a flower; she not merely did not feel herself admired, but hardly knew herself discovered. If she dressed well, perhaps

too well, it was because she had the instinct of dress; but till she met this young man who was so nice to her at Baie St. Paul, she had scarcely lived a detached, individual life, so wholly had she depended on her mother and her sister for her opinions, almost her sensations. She took account of everything he did and said, pondering it, and trying to make out exactly what he meant, to the inflection of a syllable, the slightest movement or gesture. In this way she began for the first time to form ideas which she had not derived from her family, and they were none the less her own because they were often mistaken.

But if the girls are going to keep on living in Boston and marry here, I presume we ought to try to get them into society, some way; or ought to do something. MRS. LAPHAM.

. . . . . .

I don't know what you mean. Why don't you get them into society? There 's money enough! COL. LAPHAM.

Yes; gentlemaning as a profession has got to play out in a generation or two. COL. LAPHAM.

Their taunts were really expressions of affectionate pride in each other. They liked to have it, give and take, that way, as they would have said, right along.

The girl did not say anything, but she carried the paper to her room, where she scanned every

line of it for another name. She did not find it, but she cut the notice out and stuck it into the side of her mirror, where she could read it every morning when she brushed her hair, and the last thing at night when she looked at herself in the glass just before turning off the gas.

He was skillful, as nearly all architects are, in playing upon that simple instrument Man.

Really beautiful things can't go out. They may disappear for a little while, but they must come back. It 's only the ugly things that stay out after they 've had their day. THE ARCHITECT.

The silken texture of the marriage tie bears a daily strain of wrong and insult to which no other human relation can be subjected without lesion; and sometimes the strength that knits society together might appear to the eye of faltering faith the curse of those immediately bound by it. Two people by no means reckless of each other's rights and feelings, but even tender of them for the most part, may tear at each other's heart-strings in this sacred bond with perfect impunity; though if they were any other two they would not speak or look at each other again after the outrages they exchange. It is certainly a curious spectacle, and doubtless it ought to convince an observer of the divinity of the institution. If the husband and wife are blunt, outspoken people like the Laphams, they do not

weigh their words; if they are more refined, they weigh them very carefully, and know accurately just how far they will carry, and in what most sensitive spot they may be planted with most effect.

I go in for using the best rooms in your house yourself. If people come to stay with you, they can put up with the second best. COL. LAPHAM.

Yes, I should say he was a young man of great judgment. He knows how to choose his tailor. PENELOPE.

It 's astonishing what a hardy breed the young club-men are. All summer through, in weather that sends the sturdiest female flying to the sea-shore, you find the clubs filled with young men, who don't seem to mind the heat in the least. MR. COREY.

No, no. I understand that. And I quite agree with you. But you know I 've always contended that the affections could be made to combine pleasure and profit. I would n't have a man marry for money, — that would be rather bad, — but I don't see why, when it comes to falling in love, a man should n't fall in love with a rich girl as easily as a poor one. Some of the rich girls are very nice, and I should say that the chances of a quiet life with them were rather greater. They 've always had everything, and they would n't be so ambitious and uneasy. Don't you think so? MR. COREY.

But the suddenly rich are on a level with any of us nowadays. Money buys position at once. I don't say that it is n't all right. The world generally knows what it 's about, and knows how to drive a bargain. I dare say it makes the new rich pay too much. But there 's no doubt but money is to the fore now. It is the romance, the poetry of our age. It 's the thing that chiefly strikes the imagination. The Englishmen who come here are more curious about the great new millionaires than about any one else, and they respect them more. It 's all very well. I don't complain of it.

MR. COREY.

In fact I am always saying that the Bostonian ought never to leave Boston. Then he knows — and then only — that there can *be* no standard but ours. But we are constantly going away, and coming back with our convictions shaken to their foundations. One man goes to England, and returns with the conception of a grander social life; another comes home from Germany with the notion of a more searching intellectual activity; a fellow just back from Paris has the absurdest ideas of art and literature; and you revert to us from the cowboys of Texas, and tell us to our faces that we ought to try Papa Lapham by a jury of his peers. It ought to be stopped — it ought, really. The Bostonian who leaves Boston ought to be condemned to perpetual exile.

MR. COREY.

I will tell you plainly that I don't like the notion of a man who has rivaled the hues of nature in her wildest haunts with the tints of his mineral paint; but I don't say there are not worse men. He is n't to my taste, though he might be ever so much to my conscience. MR. COREY.

Ah, we shall never have a real aristocracy while this plebeian reluctance to live upon a parent or a wife continues the animating spirit of our youth. It strikes at the root of the whole feudal system. MR. COREY.

Of course people do go into all sorts of things, as you say, and I don't know that one thing is more ignoble than another, if it 's decent and large enough. In my time you would have gone into the China trade or the India trade — though *I* did n't; and a little later cotton would have been your manifest destiny — though it was n't mine; but now a man may do almost anything. The real-estate business *is* pretty full. Yes, if you have a deep inward vocation for it, I don't see why mineral paint should n't do. I fancy it 's easy enough approaching the matter.

MR. COREY.

I admire your spirit, and I don't deny that it is justified by necessity. It 's a consolation to think that while I 've been spending and enjoying, I have been preparing the noblest future for you — a future of industry and self-reliance. You never could draw, but this scheme of going into

the mineral-paint business shows that you have inherited something of my feeling for color.

MR. COREY.

A week after she had parted with her son at Bar Harbor, Mrs. Corey suddenly walked in upon her husband in their house in Boston. He was at breakfast, and he gave her the patronizing welcome with which the husband who has been staying in town all summer receives his wife when she drops down upon him from the mountains or the seaside. For a little moment she feels herself strange in the house, and suffers herself to be treated like a guest, before envy of his comfort vexes her back into possession and authority. Mrs. Corey was a lady, and she did not let her envy take the form of open reproach.

If money is fairly and honestly earned, why should we pretend to care what it comes out of, when we don't really care? That superstition is exploded everywhere.

MRS. COREY.

There was a long time in my misguided youth when I supposed myself some sort of porcelain; but it's a relief to be of the common clay, after all, and to know it. If I get broken, I can be easily replaced.

MR. COREY.

There is something in human nature which causes the man in his shirt-sleeves to wish all other men to appear in the same deshabille.

But you take faces now! The astonishing thing to me is not what a face tells, but what it don't tell. When you think of what a man is, or a woman is, and what most of 'em have been through before they get to be thirty, it seems as if their experience would burn right through. But it don't. Watch the couples and try to make out which are engaged, or going to be, and which are married, or better be. But half the time I can't make any sort of guess. Of course, where they 're young and kittenish you can tell; but where they 're anyways on, you can't. Heigh?

COL. LAPHAM.

It would take a man out of his own hands. As long as he 's in his own hands, there 's some hopes of his doing something with himself; but if a fellow has been found out — even if he has n't been found out to be so very bad — it 's pretty much all up with him. No, sir. I don't want to know people through and through. COL. LAPHAM.

To a straw-hatted population, such as ours is in summer, no sort of personal dignity is possible. We have not even the power over observers which comes from the fantasticality of an Englishman when he discards the conventional dress. In our straw hats and our serge or flannel sacks we are no more imposing than a crowd of boys.

"Is your head any better, 'Rene?" she asked.

"Yes, a little," came a voice from the pillows.

"But I shall not come to tea. I don't want anything. If I keep still, I shall be all right by morning."

"Well, I'm sorry," said the elder sister. "He's come down with father."

"He has n't! Who?" cried Irene, starting up in simultaneous denial and demand.

"Oh, well, if you say he has n't, what 's the use of my telling you who?"

I used to like to get hold of a good book when I was a girl; but we were n't allowed to read many novels in those days. My mother called them all *lies*. And I guess she was n't so very far wrong about some of them. MRS. COREY.

The chief consolation that we American parents have in these matters is that we can do nothing. If we were Europeans, even English, we should take some cognizance of our children's love affairs, and in some measure teach their young affections how to shoot. But it is our custom to ignore them until they have shot, and then they ignore us. We are altogether too delicate to arrange the marriages of our children; and when they have arranged them we don't like to say anything, for fear we should only make bad worse. The right way is for us to school ourselves to indifference. That is what the young people have to do elsewhere, and that is the only logical result of our position here. It is absurd for us to have any feeling about what we don't interfere with. MR. COREY.

We don't really care what business a man is in, so it is large enough, and he does n't advertise offensively; but we think it fine to affect reluctance. MR. COREY.

But you have at least the consolation of two anxieties at once. I always find that a great advantage. You can play one off against the other. MR. COREY.

He was in love with his work, and he felt the enthusiasm for it which nothing but the work we can do well inspires in us.

I think about the only difference between people in this world is that some know what they want, and some don't. MR. WALKER.

And it 's just so with a woman. The minute you catch sight of her face, there 's something in it that tells you whether she 's married or not. What do you suppose it is? MR. WALKER.

"Who 's plotting?" again retorted the Colonel, shuddering at the utterance of hopes and ambitions which a man hides with shame, but a woman talks over as freely and coolly as if they were items of a milliner's bill.

To a girl everything a young man does is of significance; and if he holds a shaving down with his foot while she pokes through it with her

parasol, she must ask herself what he means by it.

I read more books when I was with Stanton last winter than I had since I was a boy. But I read them because I must — there was nothing else to do. It was n't because I was fond of reading. Still I think I read with some sense of literature and the difference between authors. I don't suppose that people generally do that; I have met people who had read books without troubling themselves to find out even the author's name, much less trying to decide upon his quality. I suppose that 's the way the vast majority of people read.

MR. TOM COREY.

One brother will be civilized and the other a barbarian. I 've occasionally met young girls who were so brutally, insolently, willfully indifferent to the arts which make civilization, that they ought to have been clothed in the skins of wild beasts and gone about barefoot with clubs over their shoulders. Yet they were of polite origin, and their parents were at least respectful of the things that these young animals despised.

MR. COREY.

All civilization comes through literature now, especially in our country. A Greek got his civilization by talking and looking, and in some measure a Parisian may still do it. But we, who live remote from history and monuments, we must read, or we must barbarize. Once we were

softened, if not polished, by religion; but I suspect that the pulpit counts for much less now in civilizing.

MR. COREY.

Oh, it is n't what you 've got, and it is n't what you 've done exactly. It 's what you are.

MRS. LAPHAM.

"She has n't mind enough."

"I did n't know that a man fell in love with a girl's intellect," said Penelope quietly.

MRS. LAPHAM.

"Well, we must stand it, anyway," said Mrs. Lapham, with the grim antique Yankee submission.

"Oh, yes, we 've got to stand it," said Penelope, with the quaint modern American fatalism.

A man has not reached the age of twenty-six in any community where he was born and reared without having had his capacity pretty well ascertained.

He was man enough to take advantage of the high favor in which he stood when he went up to town, and to abuse it by bringing Corey down to supper. His wife could not help condoning the sin of disobedience in him at such a time. Penelope said that between the admiration she felt for the Colonel's boldness and her mother's forbearance, she was hardly in a state to entertain company that evening; but she did what she could.

"Ah, but nothing can prevent me from doing a thing when once I take the bit in my teeth," said the father, with the pleasure which men of weak will sometimes take in recognizing their weakness. MR. COREY.

"Oh, that won't do. If society took in all the people of right ideas and good sense, it would expand beyond the calling capacity of its most active members. Even your mother's social conscientiousness could not compass it. Society is a very different sort of thing from good sense and right ideas. It is based upon them, of course, but the airy, graceful, winning superstructure, which we all know, demands different qualities. MR. COREY.

He was not letting his wife see in his averted face the struggle that revealed itself there — the struggle of stalwart achievement not to feel flattered at the notice of sterile elegance, not to be sneakingly glad of its amiability, but to stand up and look at it with eyes on the same level. God, who made us so much like himself, but out of the dust, alone knows when that struggle will end. The time had been when Lapham could not have imagined any worldly splendor which his dollars could not buy if he chose to spend them for it; but his wife's half discoveries, taking form again in his ignorance of the world, filled him with helpless misgiving. A cloudy vision of something unpurchasable, where he had supposed there was nothing, had cowed him in spite of the burly resistance of his pride.

Nanny, the younger, had read a great many novels with a keen sense of their inaccuracy as representations of life, and had seen a great deal of life with a sad regret for its difference from fiction.

It is a serious matter always to the women of his family when a young man gives them cause to suspect that he is interested in some other woman. A son-in-law or brother-in-law does not enter the family; he need not be caressed or made anything of; but the son's or brother's wife has a claim upon his mother and sisters which they cannot deny. Some convention of their sex obliges them to show her affection, to like or to seem to like her, to take her to their intimacy, however odious she may be to them.

They talk about themselves, with occasional references to each other. I have heard people "going on" on the hotel piazzas. She 's embroidering, or knitting, or tatting, or something of that kind; and he says she seems quite devoted to needlework, and she says, yes, she has a perfect passion for it, and everybody laughs at her for it; but she can't help it, she always was so from a child, and supposes she always shall be, — with remote and minute particulars. And she ends by saying that perhaps he does not like people to tat, or knit, or embroider, or whatever. And he says, oh, yes, he does; what could make her think such a thing? but for his part he likes

boating rather better, or, if you 're in the woods, camping. Then she lets him take up one corner of her work, and perhaps touch her fingers; and that encourages him to say that he supposes nothing could induce her to drop her work long enough to go down on the rocks, or out among the huckleberry bushes; and she puts her head on one side, and says she does n't know really. And then they go, and he lies at her feet on the rocks, or picks huckleberries and drops them in her lap, and they go on talking about themselves, and comparing notes to see how they differ from each other. NANNY.

The most that we can do is to hope for the best till we know the worst. Of course we shall make the best of the worst when it comes. NANNY.

You women have n't risen yet — it 's an evidence of the backwardness of your sex — to a conception of the Bismarck idea in diplomacy. If a man praises one woman, you still think he 's in love with another. Do you mean that because Tom did n't praise the elder sister so much, he *has* spoken to *her?* MR. COREY.

You women think that because a young man dangles after a girl, or girls, he 's attached to them. It does n't at all follow. He dangles because he must, and does n't know what to do with his time, and because they seem to like it.
MR. COREY.

"Yes, you may read now," said Mrs. Corey, with one of those sighs which perhaps express a feminine sense of the unsatisfactoriness of husbands in general, rather than a personal discontent with her own.

"Ah," said the architect, "nobody can do better than well."

You architects and the musicians are the true and only artistic creators. All the rest of us, sculptors, painters, novelists, and tailors, deal with forms that we have before us; we try to imitate, we try to represent. But you two sorts of artists create form. If you represent, you fail. Somehow or other you do evolve the camel out of your inner consciousness. MR. COREY.

She says she 's like people who have been home from Europe three years; she 's past the most poignant stage of regret, and has n't reached the second, when they feel that they *must* go.

MRS. BELLINGHAM.

It 's astonishing how we do like the books that go for our heart-strings. And I really suppose that you can't put a more popular thing than self-sacrifice into a novel. We do like to see people suffering sublimely. MR. C. BELLINGHAM.

The novelists might be the greatest possible help to us if they painted life as it is, and human feelings in their true proportion and relation, but

for the most part they have been and are altogether noxious. MR. SEWELL.

To be sure I am right. The whole business of love, and love-making and marrying, is painted by the novelists in a monstrous disproportion to the other relations of life. Love is very sweet, very pretty, . . . but it 's the affair, commonly, of very young people, who have not yet character and experience enough to make them interesting. In novels it 's treated, not only as if it were the chief interest of life, but the sole interest of the lives of two ridiculous young persons; and it is taught that love is perpetual, that the glow of a true passion lasts forever; and that it is sacrilege to think or act otherwise. MR. SEWELL.

"The past of one's experience does n't differ a great deal from the past of one's knowledge. It is n't much more probable; it 's really a great deal less vivid than some scenes in a novel that one read when a boy."

"I 'm not sure of that," said James Bellingham.

"Well, James, neither am I," consented his cousin, helping himself from Lapham's Apollinaris bottle. "There would be very little talking at dinner if one only said the things that one was sure of." MR. C. BELLINGHAM.

Commonplace? The commonplace is just that light, impalpable, aërial essence which they 've

never got into their confounded books yet. The novelist who could interpret the common feelings of commonplace people would have the answer to "the riddle of the painful earth" on his tongue.

MR. C. BELLINGHAM.

There 's trouble and sorrow enough in the world, without *making* it on purpose!

MRS. LAPHAM.

"Tell him we 'd like to see him alone awhile," he said to the girl who was holding the door ajar for him, and she showed him into the reception-room, which had been the Protestant confessional for many burdened souls before their time, coming, as they did, with the belief that they were bowed down with the only misery like theirs in the universe; for each one of us must suffer long to himself before he can learn that he is but one in a great community of wretchedness which has been pitilessly repeating itself from the foundation of the world.

We can be of use to one another here, because we can always be wiser for some one else than we can for ourselves. We can see another's sins and errors in a more merciful light — and that is always a fairer light — than we can our own; and we can look more sanely at others' afflictions.

MR. SEWELL.

Your daughter believes, in spite of her common sense, that she ought to make herself and the man who loves her unhappy, in order to

assure the lifelong wretchedness of her sister, whom he does n't love, simply because her sister saw him and fancied him first! And I 'm sorry to say that ninety-nine young people out of a hundred — oh, nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand! — would consider that noble and beautiful and heroic; whereas you know at the bottom of your hearts that it would be foolish and cruel and revolting. You know what marriage is; and what it must be without love on both sides.

MR. SEWELL.

She came back to this, with her helpless longing, inbred in all Puritan souls, to have some one specifically suffer for the evil in the world, even if it must be herself.

And character must go for something. If it 's to be the prey of mere accident and appearance, then it goes for nothing.

MR. TOM COREY.

It was nice, yes; but it was silly. Most nice things are silly, I suppose.

PENELOPE.

It 's easy enough to be sensible for other people. But when it comes to myself, there I am! Especially when I want to do what I ought n't so much that it seems as if doing what I did n't want to do *must* be doing what I ought!

PENELOPE.

Our theory of disaster, of sorrow, of affliction, borrowed from the poets and novelists, is that it is

incessant; but every passage in our own lives and in the lives of others, so far as we have witnessed them, teaches us that this is false. The house of mourning is decorously darkened to the world, but within itself it is also the house of laughing. Bursts of gayety, as heartfelt as its grief, relieve the gloom, and the stricken survivors have their jests together, in which the thought of the dead is tenderly involved, and a fond sense, not crazier than many others, of sympathy and enjoyment beyond the silence, justifies the sunnier mood before sorrow rushes back, deploring and despairing, and making it all up again with the conventional fitness of things.

Men are but grown-up boys after all.

Lapham stood in the isolation to which adversity so often seems to bring men. When its test was applied, practically or theoretically, to all those who had seemed his friends, there was none who bore it; and he thought with bitter self-contempt of the people whom he had befriended in their time of need. He said to himself that he had been a fool for that; and he scorned himself for certain acts of scrupulosity by which he had lost money in the past.

This thing and that is embittered to us, so that we may be willing to relinquish it; the world, life itself, is embittered to most of us, so that we are glad to have done with them at last.

THE UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY.

What a queer, melancholy house; what a queer, melancholy street! I don't think I was ever in a street before where quite so many professional ladies, with English surnames, preferred Madame to Mrs. on their door-plates. And the poor old place has such a desperately conscious air of going to the deuce. Every house seems to wince as you go by, and button itself up to the chin for fear you should find out it had no shirt on — so to speak. I don't know what 's the reason, but these material tokens of a social decay afflict me terribly; a tipsy woman is n't dreadfuller than a haggard old house, that 's once been a home, in a street like this.

MR. PHILLIPS.

If I know where there 's a thorn, I can't help going up and pressing my waistcoat against it. I foresee that I shall keep coming. This parlor alone is poignant enough to afford me the most rapturous pain; it pierces my soul. This tawdry red velvet wall-paper; the faded green reps of that sofa; those family photographs in their oval papier-mâché frames; that round table there in the corner, with its subscription literature and its tin-type albums; and this frantic tapestry car-

pet! I know now why the ghost-seers affect this sort of street and this sort of parlor: the spirits can't resist the deadly fascination. *No* ghost, with any strength of character, could keep away. I suppose that this apartment is swarming now, with disembodied ladies and gentlemen of the first distinction. Well, I like your going into this. I respect everybody's superstition — except my own; I can't respect that, you know.

MR. PHILLIPS.

"I rise early myself," said Mr. Eccles. "It is my digestion. I sleep badly." He looked, as he spoke, like a man who had never slept well. "Your friend, I presume, is not troubled in his digestion?"

"If you mean Mr. Phillips," replied Ford, with a cold ray of amusement, "I believe not. He makes it a matter of conscience to digest well."

"It is n't that, sir," said Mr. Eccles. "I have experimented in the matter a great deal. I have tried to digest well on principle, but that does not reach the root of the trouble. It may be alleviated by the proper influences; but this sourness" — he struck his stomach softly — "seems to be the material response to some spiritual ferment which we are at present powerless to escape. I am satisfied that the large majority of our indigestion, sir, comes from the existing imperfections of mediumization."

"Some philosophers attribute it to pie," said Ford, neutrally.

"That is a very superficial way of looking at it," returned Mr. Eccles. "If we could once establish the true relations with the other life, *pie* would n't stand in our way."

There is no society but that of women for an idler in our country; the other men are busy and tired, with little patience and little sympathy for men who are not busy and tired. MR. PHILLIPS.

He kept up with the current literature, and distilled from it a polite essence, with which he knew how to perfume his conversation in the measure agreeable to ladies willing to learn what it was distinguished to read.

She visibly honored him for this demonstration upon her weak point. She was a good-natured creature, and she liked skillful manœuvring, especially in men, where it had the piquancy of a surprise.

"My dears," said Mrs. Perham, "he 's charming! He is as natural as the noble savage, and twice as handsome. I like those men who *show* their contempt of you. At least, they 're not hypocrites. And Mr. Ford's insolence has a sort of cold thrill about it that 's delicious. Few men can retreat with dignity. He was routed, just now, but he went off like see the conquering hero."

"He skulked off," said one of the unpersuaded.

"Skulked? Did he really skulk?" demanded Mrs. Perham. "I *wish* I could believe I had made him skulk. Mary, have you Mr. Perham's chop ready? I'll take it up, — I said I took it."

Mrs. Perham laughed and disappeared with her little tray, like a conjugal *Chocolatière*, and the ladies continued for a decent space to talk about Ford. Then they began to talk about her.

Women need not look at those dear to them to know their moods.

"You can't help me. But there's no reason why you shouldn't know. You can't help me against my father, can you?" she asked, putting the case, as women do, at worse than the worst, so as to have the comfort of finding the truth short of the extreme. EGERIA.

Miss Boynton struck me as a most interesting person. Doesn't her life of excitements wear upon her? Most young ladies find one world as much as they can stand; mingling in the society of two, as she does, must be rather fatiguing.

MR. PHILLIPS.

"The question at present is, Will you go with me to Mrs. Burton's to lunch?"

"No," said Ford.

"You're in the wrong, Ford," argued Phillips. "You would please Mrs. Burton by coming; but it won't matter to her if you don't. That's the attitude of society towards the individual, and

upon the whole one can't complain of it. You had better come. Mrs. Burton is really making a very pretty fist at a *salon*. In the first place, she keeps Burton out of the way: it 's essential to a *salon* not to have the husband in it. You will meet the passing Englishman there, whoever he is; you stand a chance of seeing the starring actor or actress, — operatic or dramatic; authors we have always with us, and painters, of course. Mrs. Burton is so far from pretty herself that she is not afraid to ask charming women who are also beautiful; you 've no idea what decorative qualities beautiful women have. And then she introduces the purely American element, the visiting young lady. Really, she has an uncommon feeling for pretty girls; I never knew her to have an inharmonious young person staying with her yet; with her sense of values, the composition of her *salon* is delightful."

Well, I 'm sorry they 're gone. I had counted upon seeing more of them. One does n't often find such people in one's way. I 've been speculating about them since I saw you, and I find myself of two minds in regard to them, — just as I was before I began. I suppose we must consider them parts of a fraud; the question is whether they are conscious or unconscious parts of it. If they 're unconscious, it 's pathetic; if they 're conscious, they 're fascinating. I don't wonder you could n't keep away, — that you had to come and try for another interview with them.

chief and spread it on his knees with the other, "is a very receptive mind. I fancy that there is a social principle in these matters which is n't clearly ascertained yet. Where whole communities eat pie, as ours do, there must be an unconscious coöperative force in its digestion."

MISS THORNE.

At that distance the white dresses of the young girls, freshly put on for the evening worship, showed pale through the gathering dusk, and their singing, robbed of its shrillness, was the voice of that disembodied devotion which haunts dim cathedral arches, and in our bright New World sometimes drifts out of open church windows to the ear of the passer, taking his heart with an indefinite religious passion and yearning.

Egerton is a village that presents a winning aspect to the summer visitor when he goes thither in June, and finds it at peace with all the world, in the shadow of immemorial, uncanker-wormed elms. Its chief street wanders quaintly, with a pleasant rise and fall, and on either hand are the large square mansions of a former day, and the trim, well-kept, French-roof villas of ours. Hammocks, with girls reading novels in them, are swung between dooryard trees; swift buggies go by on the wide, dustless street; the children of summer visitors, a little too well dressed, play in the cool paths; all day long there is lounging and light literature and smoking and flirtation on the piazzas of the big summer hotel.

. . . . . .

It 's surprising how much you can do in twenty minutes when you 're on the road. Why, twenty minutes on the road are as long as the good old twenty minutes a fellow used to have when he was a boy. But they won't go any further in the way of time, generally, than twenty dollars will in the way of money, nowadays; we seem to have got an irredeemable paper currency in both things, since I grew up. I wish we could get back to a gold basis. I should like to see half a day or half a dollar of the old size. Why, doctor, you must remember when they were both as big as the full moon! MR. HATCH.

She went on putting together her boughs of laurel, and she wore that look of being remote within her defenses which a woman knows how to assume no less with her father than with her lover. She then adventurously throws out thoughts and opinions, as if they had just casually occurred to her, which she has perhaps reached after long, secret cogitation or sensation, or which are perhaps really what they seem.

The teacher took the pie from the smoking paper and slid a piece into each saucer. "I presume it is n't very wholesome," she said, "but I 've heard that Mr. Emerson says, if you *will* eat it, you 'd best eat it for breakfast, so that you can have the whole day to digest it in."

"Emerson," said the doctor, receiving his saucer with one hand, while he opened his handker-

chief and spread it on his knees with the other, "is a very receptive mind. I fancy that there is a social principle in these matters which is n't clearly ascertained yet. Where whole communities eat pie, as ours do, there must be an unconscious coöperative force in its digestion."

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. . . . . .

On the chilly April eve when Egeria and her father walked aimlessly away from the station up into the village, it did not wear the welcome it gives the summer visitor. Here and there a lamp pierced the gathering night, and about the stores and post-office there was a languid stir; but the houses darkled away into the gloom of the country. A wind was rising; it took the elms over the street, and swung their long, pendulous boughs about under the sky, dully luminous with the coming storm.

Brother Humphrey and the three office sisters, very clean and very dry, with the warm smell of a stove fire exhaling from their comfortable garments, received him with countenances in which resignation blended with the natural reluctance of people within to have anything to do with people without, in such weather.

"Oh, better put them in the tramps' house," said Brother Humphrey, — "there 's a fire there."

"Yee," consented one of the sisters, "they will do very well there."

"They would slop everything up here," said another, "and we 've just been over our floors, Laban."

The third was silent, but she wrung her hands in nervous anxiety, like one who would not be selfish, and yet would like whatever advantage may come of selfishness. SHAKERS.

The day had broken clear, and the New Eng-

land spring was showing herself in one of her moods of conscientious adherence to duty: she would perform her part with sunshine and birds, but she breathed cold across the brilliant landscape, and she warned vegetation that it started at its own risk.

"No! Evidently the Shaker conscience is against the clawfoot. Probably they regard it as but one remove from the cloven-foot. And I don't suppose there 's such a thing as a brass-mounting of any sort in the building. But really, this bare wall with the flat finish is n't so bad; it 's expressive of the bare walls and flat finish of Shakerism; an instance of what the Swedenborgians call correspondence. Look here, my dear fellow! Here is something very original — *ab*-original — in rugs. That 's a good bit of color." He seized upon one of the braided rugs on the floor and partly lifted it. "Look at this!"

MR. PHILLIPS.

Her father watched over Egeria in her sickness with the mechanical skillfulness and the mental abstraction which the office sisters had seen in his treatment of her case from the first. He was at her bedside night and day while the danger lasted; he prepared the medicines himself and administered them with his own hand, and he waited their effect from hour to hour, almost from moment to moment, with anxious scrutiny. At the same time a second and more inward self in him remained at immeasurable remoteness.

"I never see such doctorin' or such nursin'," said Sister Frances, in her daily report at the office; "but it don't seem, somehow, as if he did it for *her*. I should say — and perhaps I should say more 'n I ought if I *did* say it — 't he wanted her to get well, but 't he did n't want her to get well on her own account; well, not in the first *place*. And still he 's just as kind and good! Well, it 's perplexin'."

Ford was sitting at his window in his deep easy-chair; and he had his coat off. "That 's what galls my peasant-pride. Suppose I went with you to this lady's house" — he touched with the stem of his pipe a letter which lay open on the table pulled near him — "and visited among your friends, the nobility and gentry; I should be reminded by a thousand things every day that I was a sham and a pretender. That kind of people always take it for granted that you feel and think with them; and I don't. You can't keep telling them so, however. And suppose I tried to conform: I should be an amateur among professionals. They have the habit of breeding and of elegance, as they understand it; I may have a loftier ideal, but I have n't discipline: I can't realize my ideal; and they do realize theirs, — poor souls! That makes me their inferior; that makes me hate them."

"Oh," said Phillips, "you can put an ironical face on it, but I suspect what you say is really your mind."

"Of course it is. At heart I am a prince in disguise; but your friends won't know it if I sit with my coat off. That would vex me." He took up the letter from the table, and holding it at arm's length admired it. "Such a hand alone is enough; the smallest letters half an inch high, and all of them shrugging their shoulders. I can't come up to that. If I went to this lady's house, to be like her other friends and acquaintance I should have to be just arrived from Europe, or just going; my talk should be of London and Paris and Rome, of the 'Saturday Review' and 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' of English politics and society; my own country should exist for me on sufferance through a compassionate curiosity, half repulsion; I ought to have recently dined at Newport with poor Lord and Lady Scamperton, who are finding the climate so terrible; and I should be expected to speak of persons of the highest social distinction by their first names, or the first syllables of their first names. You see, that 's quite beyond me. 'And do bring your friend, Mr. Ford,'" he read from the letter mincingly, and laughed. "I leave it to your fertile invention to excuse me, Phillips."

The people in Ford's boarding-house went their different ways. Mrs. Perham remained latest, for Mr. Perham's health had not yet allowed his removal. He had had two great passions in life: making money and driving horses. By the time

he had made his money he had a touch of paralysis, and could no longer drive horses. This separated him much from his wife, who liked almost as well as he to ride after a good horse (as it is expressed by people who like it), and whom, since she had been forced so much to books for amusement, he could not join. She read the newspapers to him, and she went with him to the theatres; but there they ceased to sympathize in their tastes, for she was not fond of swearing, and it was this resource which remained to Mr. Perham after the papers and the play.

Phillips's mare was the remains of an establishment which he had set up some years before. It included a man and a coupé, and he had relinquished these because of their expensiveness. The man, especially, had been unable to combine the advantages of outside man and inside man; he made Phillips's lodgings smell of the mare, and he made the stable smell of Phillips's wine.

It was felt in the family to be foolish, or worse, but none of the Shakers could come home through field or wood without staying to pluck some token of the season's advance for the sick girl, who was longing so restlessly to go out and find the summer for herself. Her bed was decked with boughs of wilding bloom; on the shelves and window-sills the sylvan and campestral flowers gave their delicate colors and faint fragrances in whatever prim jug or sober vase the commu-

nity could spare from its service. Something, surely, must be wrong about all this ministering to a love that might be said to savor of earthly vanities, but the most anxious of the nun-like sisters could not determine upon the sin; and while they wondered in just what sort they should deal with the elusive evil, a visiting brother from another community arrived to pronounce it no evil, but an instinct, wholesome as the harmless things themselves. Upon this, one of them brought and laid at Egeria's bedside a rug which she had worked with the pattern of a grape-vine, and which for five years she had kept fearfully hidden away in her closet, from compunction for its likeness to a graven image.

People are never so earthly as when they are recovering from a dangerous sickness. There is a kind of revolt from the world whose borders they have touched, — a rebound. The senses are riotous to try their strength again.

MR. BOYNTON.

There were certain ladies in artificial teeth and long linen dusters whom Ford fixed upon as spiritualists, though he had no reason to do so. A trance-speaker was announced for the Invocation; he came forward, where the fiddlers sat when there was dancing, and, supporting himself by one hand on the music-stand, closed his eyes and passed into a trance of wandering rhetoric, returning to himself in a dribble of verse which bade the hearer at the close of each stanza, —

"Come, then, come to Spirit-Land."

The address was given by another speaker, who declaimed against the injustice of the world towards spiritualism and boasted of the importance of its Unfoldments. He sketched its rise and progress, and found an analogy between the "first lisping of the tinny rap at Rochester" and the advent of Christ, whom he described as the "infant Reformer in the man-ger," and again as our "humble elder brother."

The country is for the pleasure of people born in town. MR. FORD.

We *must* doubt it; we are better with no proof. Yes; yes! The undiscovered country — thank God, it can be what those babblers say! The undiscovered country — what a weight of doom is in the words — and hope! MR. BOYNTON.

I don't believe that any one but ourselves can do us essential injury here. We may make others unhappy, but we can't destroy the possibility of happiness in them; we can only do that in ourselves. Your conscience has to do with your motives; it judges you by them, and God — if we suppose Him — will not judge you by anything else. The effect of misguided actions belongs to the great mass of impersonal evil.

MR. FORD.

"You must be quite at home among them [the Shakers]."

"Yes," said the girl.

"Do you mean no?"

"They do everything they can to make me; but they have their own world, and I don't belong to it. They feel that as well as I do; but they can't help it."

"Of course not. That 's the nature of worlds, big and little. You can't be at home *near* them; you have to be *in* them to be comfortable. I have a world in my own neighborhood that I don't belong to. I like to abuse it; but it 's quite as good a neighbor as I deserve, and it would be civil if I made an effort to fit into it. But I suppose I was a sort of born outcast."

"Yes," cried the young man, with a fervor that came he knew not how or whence, "forgiveness *does* somehow right a wrong! It must be so, or else this world is not a world of possibilities and recoveries, but a hopeless hell."

MR. FORD.

A silence ensued, which Boynton broke with a startling appeal: "In the name of God, — in the name of whatever is better and greater than ourselves, — give me some hope! Speak! Say something from your vantage-ground of health and strength! Let me have some hope. I am not a coward. I am not afraid of torment. I should not be afraid of it if I had ever willed wrong to any living creature, and I know that I have not. But this darkness rushing back upon me, after years of faith and surety — it 's unendurable!

Give me some hope! A word comes from you at times that does not seem of your own authority: speak! Say it!"

"You have the hope that the world has had for eighteen hundred years," answered Ford, deeply moved.

I don't wonder men can't understand women; they don't understand their own simple sex.

MRS. PERHAM.

"Then that *is* the only hope, — that old story of a credulous and fabulous time, resting upon hearsay and the witness of the ignorant, the pedantic wisdom of the learned, the interest of a church lustful of power; and that allegory of the highest serving the lowest, the best suffering for the worst, — that is still the world's only hope!" He paused; and then he recurred to the thought which he had dropped: "A clergyman, — a priest! — I should like to know the feelings of such a man. He fulfills an office with which his order has been clothed for two thousand years; he bears the tradition of authority which is as old as the human race; he claims to derive from Christ himself the touch of blessing and of healing for the broken spirit. I have often thought of that, — what a sacred and awful commission it must be, if we admit its divine origin! Yes, I should like to know the feelings of such a man. I wonder if he feels his authority perpetually reconsecrated by the anguish, the fears, the prayers, the trembling hopes, of all

those who have lain upon beds of death, or wept over them! Poor human soul, it should make him superhuman! What a vast cumulative power of consolation must come to a priest in our time! He is the church incarnate, the vicar of Christ, the helpful brother of the helpless human race, — it 's a tremendous thought. I should like to talk with such a man." MR. BOYNTON.

The grass has already grown long over Boynton's grave. They who keep his memory think compassionately of his illusions, if they were wholly illusions, but they shrink with one impulse from the dusky twilight through which he hoped to surprise immortality, and Ford feels it a sacred charge to keep Egeria's life in the full sunshine of our common day. If Boynton has found the undiscovered country, he has sent no message back to them, and they do not question his silence. They wait, and we must all wait.

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